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The Week

WE COMMENT elsewhere in this issue on the action of the United Textile Workers in calling off the strike in the cotton mills. Whatever the result of that effort, it should be said for the sake of the record that the strike thus far has been characterized by every possible misuse of their power by the mill owners and the local and state authorities who have given them such complete cooperation. Strikers have been shot down remorselessly, in some cases being killed while fleeing from the guns of mill guards or soldiers. The usual efforts have been made to justify this lawless use of armed forces under the guise of "protecting lives and property." But in the South, the authorities have engaged in outright strikebreaking.

IN Georgia, where Governor Talmadge declared martial law, we have perhaps the most flagrant example of this policy. Not only were the strikers forbidden to engage in perfectly legal strike activities, but they were actually arrested as "military prisoners." More than a hundred men and women were interned in a military stockade—for the duration of the war. Governor Talmadge himself exposed the character of these tactics by promptly releasing these pickets when the strike was called off. There was, of course, no further need for keeping them locked up. The strike had been broken. Further evidence of this same policy is provided in a special dispatch to The New York Times from Joseph Shaplen. At Bibb City, near Columbus, Georgia, he reports:

> State strike leaders in Atlanta, forbidden to move into communities where the most important mill centers are located, had lost almost all contact with the strike ranks.
>
> The strike organization in Georgia seemed badly shaken under the prohibitions imposed against mass picketing and other organizational activities and the continued arrests of local leaders.

There is no disguising these arrests by the pretense of "protecting property." They are plain and unadorned strikebreaking. The suppression of all liberties in Georgia and the killing of sixteen workers in various states during the strike suggest that in certain areas of our fair land even the Nazis might learn a trick or two.

THE inquiry by a committee of the United States Senate into the munitions business has been suspended temporarily. Hearings are scheduled to be resumed, probably late in November, with the promise that many of the most serious revelations are yet to come. Most of the great American arms manufacturers have yet received no public attention; even as regards the du Pont interests, it is obvious that most of the story remains untold. From the beginning, the most frantic efforts have been made to stop the inquiry, or failing that, to keep as much as possible of the material from the public. Protests from foreign countries are not very serious; most of them appear to be anguished howls on behalf of government officials caught with the goods. (Not all the charges, of course, can be taken at their face value.) What is serious is the pressure of American big business on the Roosevelt administration. It has already been argued that these revelations will make it impossible for Amer-

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ican firms to sell abroad—not only munitions but other goods as well; that even the most innocent foreign buyer doesn't want to risk the chance of having his private correspondence spread on the pages of the world's newspapers. Another argument circulated in Washington is that some of the munitions firms have been heavy contributors to Democratic Party campaign funds, and that against the background of the inquiry's other revelations, news of these gifts may do the party grave damage.

THE kidnaping and murder of the Lindbergh baby was one of the most revolting crimes of this generation; and it was to be expected that the arrest of a man who had in his possession a substantial part of the ransom money, and one who seems to be connected in several other ways with the crime, should raise a worldwide hullabaloo. It is a little disheartening, nevertheless, to find old and ugly social patterns revealing themselves so quickly in the new aspect of the case. The suspect, Bruno Richard Hauptmann, may not have been actually beaten by the police in the effort to extort a confession, but he was obviously questioned for such tremendously long periods—sixty-eight hours at a single stretch—that his examination may fairly be characterized as torture, the application of that "third degree" which is the shame of our administration of justice. Hauptmann is a German; and as soon as he was arrested, his case became a football of international politics. The newspapers of Germany at first suppressed his nationality and afterward some of them, at least, showed a tendency to support him without having any knowledge whatever about his guilt or innocence. Equally unreasonable is the effort of some American newspapers to damn Hitlerism by seeking to show that Hauptmann was a supporter of the Nazis.

THE press campaign praising the police for catching Hauptmann was so universal and prompt as to create the impression that it may have been inspired. We are not in a position to pass judgment on the efficiency of the detectives. We recall, however, that Hauptmann was captured chiefly by an accident arising out of the fact that the government had called in all gold notes. Previously, Hauptmann or someone else had circulated several thousand dollars of ransom money and yet all the resources of the federal government, with full coöperation from the states and municipalities, had failed to trace him. A convict in the Ohio State Penitentiary who claimed to have a letter from the kidnaper, announcing in advance his intention of stealing the child, was brought to New Jersey only to be ignored by the authorities on the ground. Hauptmann, it is now said, had worked in the lumber yard from which wood was taken to make the kidnaper's ladder, yet even such a glaring clue had not been followed successfully. It is possible, of course, that the authorities did all they could have done to apprehend the criminal. The very fact, however, that they now seem so eager for praise suggests an uneasy consciousness on their part that their performance on the whole has not been a very creditable one.

WHEN Senator William G. McAdoo returned from Europe a few weeks ago, he gave a press interview in which he was disdainful of Upton Sinclair's "Epic" plan, predicting that the California State Democratic Convention would probably throw it into the ash can. On the contrary, the convention endorsed the plan in toto, with McAdoo's bland approval. The answer is, of course, that Sinclair's chances are looking better every day and Democratic politicians in California are acutely aware of it. The reactionaries of both the old parties are gathering under the banner of Acting Governor Merriam; the compromise, middle-of-the-road candidacy of Raymond L. Haight (on the ticket of the Reverend Robert Shuler's Commonwealth Party) seems to have dried up and blown away. As we have already indicated in these columns, we think it will be a very good thing for California and for America if Mr. Sinclair wins in November. If for nothing else, one plank of his platform would justify his victory: his promise to free Tom Mooney.

THE reported settlement of the dispute between Russia and Japan-Manchukuo over the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway is not, as an editorial of The New York Herald Tribune of September 25 puts it, "apparently a confession of weakness" on the part of the Soviets. Rather it is a demonstration of their strength. Where has Japan ever negotiated for what she can take by force? The extremely low price—the sum is about $50,000,000 instead of the $150,000,000 originally demanded by the Soviet Union—is of secondary importance in Russia's calculations. Since Japan's occupation of Manchuria the Chinese Eastern Railway has functioned only sporadically. Bandit raids and sabotage so far reduced Russia's control that Japanese and Manchukuoan military authorities practically determined when and to what extent trains should be allowed to carry freight and passengers from Russia via the Chinese Eastern line. On several occasions Japan was ready to take possession by force of the disputed railroad. But always at the last moment she hesitated to take a step that probably would have meant war. Russia's offer in May, 1933, to rid herself of this bone of contention put a check on Japan's predatory intentions and gave the U.S.S.R. time to strengthen military defenses in the Far East. Japan now realizes the danger of military aggression.

BOTH sides express the conviction that mutual relations will be much improved by the recent adjustment of the various points of difference between the two Great Powers. But the settlement of the Chinese Eastern dispute leaves important issues still

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unsolved. Japanese and Russian interests conflict too sharply on the Asiatic continent to justify the hope that permanent peace is assured. True, conversations on the railway question seem to have been only one part of a general diplomatic discussion of even more important points at issue. It is being strongly intimated that Russian recognition of Manchukuo is not far off. Russia, it is reported, is preparing once again to "recognize facts" and act in the interest of peace for herself, even though she sets the seal of diplomatic approval upon Japanese aggression. We hope the reports prove unfounded, not only for the reasons implicit in the foregoing, but because such recognition would probably be followed by similar action by other nations far less concerned than is the U.S.S.R. with the rights of helpless victims of imperialism.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt's "Cabinet Committee on Economic Security" is soon to make its report. When Mr. Roosevelt discussed this subject publicly, on June 29, health insurance was mentioned as one of the legitimate forms of state protection for the individual; but since then nothing has been heard of this subject. We hope this does not mean that the powerful forces which in America are fighting socialized medicine have suceeded, even temporarily, in sidetracking the question. As most persons now know, some nineteen other countries consider maintaining the health of all their citizens a legitimate subject for state concern. The list includes every country in the world with any reasonable claim to call itself civilized, except our own. In the United States the cost of illness has been carefully estimated at $10,000,000,000 a year, a loss of which a great part could easily be avoided. At present, nearly one-half the people with family incomes of less than $2,000 get no medical attention whatever—and this group includes a majority of the whole population. Sponsors for health insurance in America point out that it would not be necessary for us to copy slavishly the experience of Europe. There is no reason, for instance, why a plan should not be set up in the United States under which the personal relationship between physician and patient would be preserved, and any individual be left free to choose the doctor of his own preference. Certainly, the President's committee will not have done its whole duty unless it gives the most careful consideration to this subject.

MR. Westbrook Pegler, in his syndicated column which appears in The New York World-Telegram and many other papers, takes notice of the picketing of The Macaulay Company by employees and sympathetic authors. The sight, he says, is "a reminder of the strange self-importance which comes over a man or woman once that individual has written a book." Whatever the merits of his case for the poor publishers and, by inference, for journalists who don't write books, we wish he had dragged it in by some other ears than those of people's desire to have justice done in the matter of earning their bread. Sneers at humble folk are safe enough always, but when they come from such as are sleek with fame and feeding, they are not brave, or bright, or pretty. For the most part we agree with Pegler's general argument, that an author is not an oracle, but "a man or woman with a trade." There is more doubt if not surprise in his statement that the majority of writers are such because they couldn't make the grade on the dailies. Let us say rather that there are two different trades here, everyone to his taste, etc. We don't wish to quarrel with him over that, but because of his rather cheap assumption that all the authors on the Macaulay picket line are out for notoriety. Perhaps if Mr. Pegler were a little better acquainted with picket lines he would be a little more wise, or, in another sense, a little less. Perhaps he would save his scorn for the pickets as "most widely unknown authors" until he recalled that you could make up a good and solid library of fine writing out of books whose authors are unknown to most of us, including Mr. Pegler.

CALIFORNIA'S first outbreak of labor troubles since the San Francisco general strike is the strike of lettuce trimmers and pickers in the Salinas Valley. It has already led to a vigilante raid on the camp of a group of striking Filipinos. The camp was burned to the ground and one woman who lived there is missing; presumably her body is in the ashes of the camp. Two unions are involved in the strike, the Vegetable Packers' Association, an A.F. of L. affiliate in which the white trimmers are organized, and an independent union of the Filipino pickers. Neither group has any Communist connections and, indeed, the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, which was so prominent in the agricultural strikes in the Imperial and San Joaquin valleys, scarcely exists in Salinas. But this fact has not altered the growers' technique in handling the strike. Such alteration as there has been in the conventional Californian pattern resulted from the fact that Monterey County, in which Salinas lies, is the only agricultural county without an anti-picketing ordinance. As a result, when the white trimmers demanded 50 cents an hour and picketed the fields jointly with the Filipino pickers demanding 40 cents, the growers were forced to yield.

THIS they did by offering a compromise to the white trimmers and inducing them to go back to work pending arbitration, though the trimmers insist that their demands must be granted by October 1 or they will strike again. The Filipinos refused to arbitrate on the ground that there was nothing to arbitrate; they wanted 40 cents an hour and would not take less. Once the whites had gone back to work the lack of a county anti-picketing ordinance proved no help to the striking Filipinos; they were beaten, their leaders were driven from town, armed groups of vigilantes, besides burning one Filipino camp, visited their homes and threat-

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ened them with various tortures if they did not go back to work, and independent growers who were willing to pay 40 cents were threatened with mob vengeance if they broke the employers' united front. All the while the Salinas Valley was selling its crop for more than ever before since the lettuce fields of the Middle West had been burned up in the drought. It is estimated that since March over eight million dollars' worth of valley crops have been sold. Yet during one of the raids, in which some fifty Filipinos were clubbed, one of the growers shouted to the strikers: "Get out. This is a white man's country. Get out of here if you don't like what we pay. This is a 30-cent country."

HITLER has forced a large number of German women out of industrial employment. Mussolini is now reported to be planning to take all Italian women out of industry. In the one case as in the other, the declared objects are to provide jobs for men and to induce the women to increase the population. However, there will also be secondary effects; production will be diminished (unless improved machines and processes are introduced), and women will be reduced to their former state of dependence. This is quite in conformity with an earlier declaration, or threat, of Mussolini's that unless there was an improvement in business, the already low Italian standard of living for the masses would have to fall still lower. It used to be the boast of capitalism that it increased production beyond any previous social order. The greatest critics of capitalism admitted the fact. But these critics—men like Owen and Marx—also pointed out that the worst results of capitalism, namely, the exploitation of the labor of women and children, could be turned into blessings by making women independent of men's authority, doing away with the tyranny of parents over children, and giving the latter a many-sided education through a combination of productive work with mental and physical training. Nowadays capitalism is forced to retrace its steps, to exclude women and children (even young persons up to eighteen years) from industry, and to decrease production.

The Textile Workers Lose

THE NATIONWIDE strike of nearly 500,000 textile workers ended abruptly last week, bringing to a disheartening conclusion one of the most remarkable demonstrations of union solidarity in the history of American labor. Despite Gorman's optimistic statement, the strike failed in its major objectives: the strikers return to the mills under a settlement that grants them not one of the demands for which they struck. Indeed, they have not even the assurance that they can get their jobs back. Already there are reports of wholesale discrimination against militant strikers by manufacturers intent on demolishing the union. Viewed in this light, the settlement must be considered a disastrous defeat for the union.

To be sure, Mr. Gorman and other officials of the United Textile Workers have made no such admission. On the contrary, in calling off the strike, they professed to see an "overwhelming victory" of "sweeping character" in the settlement proposed by the Winant board. Yet what is the actual situation? Let us compare what the strikers asked for with what they actually got.

The chief demands of the U.T.W., it will be recalled, were four in number: a thirty-hour week; minimum wages ranging from $13 per thirty-hour week for unskilled workers to $30 for the highly skilled; elimination of stretch-out abuses; and recognition of the union with reinstatement of all workers who have been discriminated against because of union membership.

Now even if the Winant report had heartily endorsed every one of these demands, it would still be doubtful if that fact could be called a real union victory. For the Winant board was not arbitrating the strike but merely acting as an advisory or investigating body. The textile manufacturers had refused point-blank even to discuss the workers' grievances with the board. Thus, however favorable to the union the report might have been, it is fair to assume that the textile industry would have ignored it completely.

Far from supporting the workers' grievances, however, the Winant committee did precisely the opposite. It gave its approval to none of them and, in fact, leaned over backward in its solicitude for the "sick" textile industry. With respect to hours, wages and the stretch-out, the report gives the strikers only the vaguest sort of promise that their working conditions will be bettered. Boards are to be appointed by the President to study these matters. Meanwhile the status quo is to be maintained and the workers are to return to the same starvation wages of $6 to $10 that prevailed before the strike. Thus, on the basis of this "victorious" settlement, correction of existing abuses will be made only after months of study and research—some time next spring, perhaps, assuming that the manufacturers are willing.

Of course, it may be argued with some justification that the Winant board, hastily appointed and composed of men with no special knowledge of textile problems, was not equipped to weigh and settle the technical problems of pay and work-load. It is rather significant, however, that the board did not feel this same reticence with respect to perhaps the two most vital issues raised in the dispute—the U.T.W.'s demand for recognition and the Textile Code Authority's contention that it had no power to represent the employers.

The board's opinion on union recognition, which apparently has the approval of President Roosevelt, is a devastating blow to collective bargaining. The board, of course, could not grant the U.T.W. recognition; only the textile manufacturers can do that.

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But the board could at least have suggested that the U.T.W. should be recognized. Instead, it specifically declares that recognition of the U.T.W. by the industry as a whole is not "feasible," and recommends that collective dealing between workers and employers should be confined to an individual plant basis. Unfortunately, no explanation or defense of this extraordinary theory is offered. That the officials of the A.F. of L. should accept it without protest is difficult to explain—except on the basis of their antipathy toward industrial unionism—and perhaps a recognition of the fact that the strike was already, at least in the South, a disastrous failure. For industry-wide agreements, such as obtain in the garment and coal industries, are the essence of industrial unionism. And only in such agreements, supported by strong unions, is there assurance that provisions affecting hours, wages and the like can be enforced in an industry.

Somewhat different is the Winant board's attitude toward the plea of the textile manufacturers that the Code Authority is not authorized to represent the mills, either in mediation or arbitration of labor disputes. The board, apparently, accepts this argument at its face value and absolves the Code Authority from any participation in strike negotiations. We do not profess to know whether the contention is valid or not, but certainly it has been our understanding of the Recovery Act that Code Authorities, by definition and specific provisions in the codes, are supposed to represent the industry. Indeed, in the code of the Cotton Textile Industry, it is specifically provided that the Code Authority may make recommendations affecting employment and that these recommendations, "when approved by the Administrator, shall have the same force and effect as any other provisions of this code." It would be interesting, were the N.R.A. to propose the return of child labor and a reduction in wages, to see whether the Code Authority would still feel unauthorized to act for the industry.

The one definite gain for the strikers is contained in the Winant report's recommendation that future labor complaints be taken out of the hands of the Cotton Textile National Industrial Relations Board. This board and its local subsidiaries have the remarkable record of having dismissed 900 complaints against the stretch-out, out of 900 submitted by the workers. In its place, a new impartial labor board is to be set up, independent of the textile industry. The extent of this victory cannot be ascertained, however, until we learn whether or not the new body will function like another Automobile Labor Board.

For Mr. Gorman and the U.T.W. officials to hail this "settlement" as an overwhelming victory is, of course, incomprehensible—unless one interprets their elation merely as face-saving. As The New Republic outlined editorially last week, the A.F. of L. has shown no indication that it was willing to fight the textile strike to a finish. As we stated then, the A.F. of L. leaders have repeatedly demonstrated that they wanted to "string along with Roosevelt and do their utmost to make the textile leaders string along with them." The Winant report gave them a perfect opportunity to carry out this policy and they seized it with alacrity. But that they will now continue to enjoy the united support and respect of the textile workers is highly dubious. Certainly the workers, as they return, disorganized and disillusioned, to the same conditions that precipitated the strike, will not be as jubilant as Mr. Gorman seems over the "victory."

Meanwhile, the textile workers have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the spirit of tenacity and determination with which they held their ranks during three weeks of virtual warfare was in itself a triumph to be remembered. At the height of the strike, it is estimated, nearly 40,000 militia and deputies were called to arms "to keep the mills open." Despite this, defections from the strikers' ranks were surprisingly small. If this triumph was turned into an empty victory, the fault, most observers will agree, was not the strikers'. It was the result of forces beyond their control. They might have won a decent compromise from the manufacturers alone. They could not beat the forces of industry and government combined.

For Better Broadcasting

IT HAS long been evident that there is a growing dissatisfaction with the quality of the material offered to American radio listeners. Not only is a large proportion of all time on the air devoted to blatant advertising, but even the so-called entertainment aspects of the programs are frequently such that no civilized person can listen to them without acute nausea. This is often the result of a deliberate policy on the part of the advertiser, who finds that people of low intelligence respond most readily to his commercial appeal, and therefore baits his trap with material intentionally designed to reach only those who are not quite bright.

In the early days, broadcasting was such a miraculous scientific novelty that the quality did not greatly matter; but today the general public has begun to show a disconcerting tendency not to listen unless there is something worth hearing. Even the advertisers, it is recorded, are beginning to be alarmed about the number of people who agree with Dr. Lee DeForest, pioneer inventor who helped to make radio possible, who says: "Nine-tenths of what one can hear is the continual dribble of second-rate jazz, sickening crooning by degenerate 'sax' players, interrupted by blatant sales talks." And the director of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, Levering Tyson, in a recent official report, remarked: "If the American radio system continues as it has been going recently with commercialism rampant, nothing can save it."

The Federal Radio Commission has now been abolished, or rather, has been reorganized as one

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division of the new Communications Commission. It remains to be seen whether the new type of federal control will operate any more largely in the public interest than did the old one. Looking back over the history of American broadcasting, it must be admitted that the federal government's interference has done little or nothing to aid the serious use of the radio for educational purposes. On the contrary, it has operated in the main to strangle all stations except those conducted under commercial auspices for the purpose of making money. It is true that in the early days, some colleges and other institutions undertook to broadcast without adequate experience and without being prepared to give it sufficient time, attention and financial support to make it a success; but this fact does not justify the action of the federal authorities who, broadly speaking, have given all the best wave lengths and, in cases where a wave length has been divided between two stations, all the best time, to commercial broadcasters and particularly to the great chains. The attitude of the federal authorities is well summed up in an article by Harold A. LaFount, a United States Radio Commissioner, who remarks: "Commercialism is the heart of broadcasting in the United States. What has education contributed to radio? Not one thing. What has commercialism contributed? Everything—the life blood of the industry."

Under present conditions, it is hardly surprising that many Americans are turning wistful eyes toward the type of broadcasting which is done in other countries. The United States, as is well known, stands almost alone in the entire world in permitting the air to be filled with advertising ballyhoo. Almost every other nation has made broadcasting a government monopoly; the expense of operating stations is either paid out of the national revenues or is met by a small tax on each receiving set. It is true that in some countries there is sharp censorship of political material put on the air; but an increasing number of Americans are asking whether the censorship abroad is after all much worse than that of the ultra-conservative public-utility magnates who for the most part govern our air waves, or even whether our alleged freedom is worth having in exchange for broadcasting which is so overwhelmingly worthless. In Great Britain, for example, 62 percent of the broadcasting time is devoted to music, of which about one-quarter is serious orchestral work of good quality. More than one-fifth of the time is devoted to education and, as was recently pointed out in The New Republic, this work is conducted with great skill and effectiveness, so that most American efforts in the same field seem of little value by comparison.

In many countries, and in England particularly, news reports of high quality are frequently put on the air, while in the United States the radio is now nearly worthless for this purpose. The daily newspapers, alarmed lest their sales might diminish, threatened to stop printing radio programs, and blackmailed the broadcasters into confining news summaries to two brief periods a day, both postponed until the same facts have been available for some hours in the press. Not only does American broadcasting of so-called educational material occupy only about one-half as much time as in Great Britain, but a great part of it is so inferior in quality that in other countries it would hardly be called "educational" at all.

Professor Jerome Davis of Yale has recently advanced an interesting suggestion for rectifying the situation in this country. Recognizing that we are unlikely to go over to government ownership within the visible future, he suggests a system of taxation to discourage extensive advertising. Any advertiser might be permitted, say, five words of advertising without tax. Additional time up to thirty seconds of each broadcast would be taxed at a specified rate, and the charge would increase rapidly as the length of time mounted. Money raised from these taxes might be turned over to a national committee of distinguished citizens, who would spend it both to pay for the services of brilliant educational speakers, and to promote educational broadcasting in other ways. It would not be used to pay the broadcasting companies, for they would be required to set aside without charge at least 20 percent of their time fo. such purposes. Moreover, the hours of the day during which such broadcasting would go on should be fixed by the national committee, to prevent the broadcasting companies from confining it to the early morning or other unpopular periods.

A possible alternative to Professor Davis' suggestion is, of course, to leave the private broadcasters alone, but to set up a few government-owned stations on which no advertising would be permitted, which would furnish programs planned solely for their value to the listener. Unless we are greatly mistaken, such broadcasting would provide extremely salutary competition for the privately owned stations. They could hardly complain, moreover, that this constituted unfair competition, since they have repeatedly argued that no one but themselves understands what the American public wants, or is competent to furnish it.

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Here Comes Gorman!

THE MAN who ran the textile strike, Frank Gorman, is the first leader to come out of the ranks of the workers since the depression. Gorman is an A.F. of L. man, and he is loyal to the A.F. of L. During the strike, he has brutally repulsed all offers of left-wing aid, and has thus brought upon himself the suspicion and dislike of some of the most devoted sympathizers with the workers' movement. It is entirely true that he shows none of the burning, prophetic passion of a Debs, nor even of the San Francisco longshoreman, Bridges. He is a union organizer, that and nothing more, but he is one of the ablest in labor history.

Except in New England, the textile strikers have been organized only three or four years. In the South, perhaps half of them weren't organized at all. The union has almost no funds. Yet here is a strike of nearly five hundred thousand men and women that has moved like clockwork, where in almost four weeks not one joule of energy has been wasted, nor one false step taken. You have the feeling that before the strike was called, Gorman sat down with himself, and said: "The employers hold the instruments of power, the newspapers, the police, the militia. When we go on strike, the employers will do such and such. How can we defend ourselves? Exactly what must we do?"

One of the impressive things about the strike has been Gorman's sealed and numbered strike orders. Gorman meets the press and says: "Order Number Six goes into effect at midnight. If we do not hear from the employers, we will release Order Number Seven in forty-eight hours." No outsider knows what these orders contain; Gorman says no outsider will ever know. Whatever slight element of hokum there is in these sealed orders, they have given tangible evidence that the Washington headquarters knew what it was about and was proceeding according to plan, and this assurance has helped immensely in keeping up the strikers' morale.

Gorman's chief innovation has been the flying squadron. Strikers have used second-hand cars many times before, but to Gorman belongs credit for the first systematic, nationwide use of automobiles to transport pickets from wherever they were to the place you wanted them to be. What is more, apparently Gorman anticipated precisely how effective a weapon this would be, knew that two thousand pickets in four or five hundred automobiles and trucks descending upon an isolated mill village could close any mill in existence.

Gorman's genius is that, realizing this, he seems to have thought ahead. If the flying squadrons could close mills everywhere except in the big cities, that simply meant that the employers would have the militia called out at the very beginning of the strike. Mobilizing the militia would consume about two days, therefore whatever advantage was to be gained would have to be got within that time.

On the morning the strike began, wherever a mill that had been previously unionized came out, within a matter of minutes the union men and women were in their Fords and Chevrolets and on their way to the nearest non-union town. They stayed on the road until they met armed troops, when they obediently turned about and went home. "We won't have our people going up against machine guns," Gorman says. You don't need to remember very far back into labor history to recall strike leaders who lacked the same maturity and common sense.

The strength of the strikers lies in the loom-fixers. No imported strikebreakers can operate a mill if the loom-fixers stay out. Gorman has concentrated upon holding this group. During the first days of the strike, when employers claimed this or that mill was reopening, Gorman would answer: "They may have men in the mills rattling the machinery, but they aren't weaving cloth."

More clearly perhaps than any other leader of a great strike, in his statements he has matched the irreplaceable skill of the workers against the employers' armed guards, deputy sheriffs and militia. After General Johnson's denunciation of the strike at Carnegie Hall, Gorman said: "So long as we stay outside, the mills will not run. The General isn't going to get a job as a loom-fixer. The Chambers of Commerce aren't going to become weavers. . . . Until we go back the mills will not run, and we are not going back until there is justice for the workers." This is talk that means something to the mill managements. Gorman's frigid contempt for people who can't work with their hands is of inestimable value to him as a union leader.

All strike leaders know they will have the newspapers against them; most leaders know this and give up. With the assistance of Chester M. Wright of the A.F. of L., also a man of great gifts, Gorman has taken over the methods of Ivy Lee and forced the workers' side of the strike into the papers. When the strike was called, reporters were brought into headquarters to watch Gorman write the strike telegrams and hand them to messenger boys. George A. Sloan, president of the Cotton Textile Institute, hadn't thought to do anything to make news, and the next morning a statement by Gorman appeared and none by Sloan.

Day after day, Gorman and Chester Wright have outwitted Sloan on publicity. The Winant investigating board was appointed; Gorman made his dramatic offer of arbitration, with a forty-eight-hour ultimatum attached. That was news, and the press services and big-city newspapers had to carry

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it. The ultimatum expired; that again was news. Strikers were shot at Honea Path, South Carolina, by employers' deputies; Gorman saw that no effort would be too great to force such a story into the papers, went himself to Honea Path with a platoon of ultra-respectable clergymen and buried his comrades amid festoons of American flags before a congregation of ten thousand mourners. Gorman has consciously tried to make news; Sloan has sat dumbly in his New York office. Savagely unjust as the newspapers have been on their editorial pages, in their news columns they have given unprecedented space to the strikers.

Gorman's greatest publicity windfall has been General Johnson's Carnegie Hall speech, in which the General wept for "poor George Sloan." General Johnson is a sure-fire newspaper figure; for days Gorman directed a barrage at the General, secure in his knowledge that almost anything said about him would be published. No strike leader has ever before used the radio to the degree Gorman has. In the first three weeks of the strike, he spoke twelve times, and had to pay only twice, and then only because certain stations he wished included in his hook-up had to break contracts with commercial users.

One final source of Gorman's strength needs mentioning. He went into the strike with united union officials behind him. Part of the tragedy of the Pacific Coast longshoremen's strike, and last spring's automobile strike, was that questions of leadership and policy were not threshed out and settled beforehand, so that energy that should have gone into the strike had to be dissipated in intra-union bickering.

Gorman is a little man, on the Napoleonic model. His most distinguishing feature is his eyebrows, placed very high above his eyes, giving him an expression of perpetual questioning, perpetual alertness. He has had no sleep, no chance to relax for many weeks, yet he manages to keep his manner of easy efficiency. As the point arrives in conferences where something has to be made clear or decided upon, his whole force is thrown behind what he says. Otherwise he watches things slip by without a muscle moving. He sees everything, hears everything and there is very little he does not know.

He is forty-four years old, and was born in Bradford, England. His father was not a worker; he had a business of his own, a public house. But this public house served as headquarters for the leaders of the Bradford wool workers, and as a child Gorman listened to legends of British trade unionism, its martyrs and heroes and victories. He was brought to America by his family when he was thirteen, and immediately afterwards went to work as a sweeper in a woolen mill at Providence, Rhode Island. He was made organizer for the United Textile Workers in 1922, and a vice-president in 1928.

His first big job was the Marion, North Carolina, strike five years ago. Six workers were killed in that strike, shot in the back by hired deputies of the employers. Once during the present strike, the Marion strike was referred to. "We buried them out in the open," Gorman said slowly, "under the sky." This was all he said, bare, meager words, but apparently enough to create for him an image, a very noble image. After a while he said, "I'll never forget that."

Beyond doubt, the Marion strike powerfully influenced Gorman. He had been the leader. He had felt responsibility for his people, and six of them had been shot down. By no religion or ethical system could their deaths be justified. Gorman might have reacted by rebellion against the whole social order under which such killings are possible and approved, but he didn't. Instead, he seems to have become possessed by a cold, silent will to meet the employers again on their own ground, and to fight them and beat them.

Why is it that Gorman has called off the present strike? He had two reasons. First, because of ten thousand troops under arms in North and South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. Second, because the strikers in the South had begun to go hungry. Each day the union locals reported to Washington by letter and telegraph. Here are samples skimmed from the reports of a single day last week:

"Rockmart, Ga.: President of local kidnaped, beaten and driven from town.

"Trion, Ga.: Troops attacked mill pickets, including women and children, using profanity and cursing them.

"Tabor, N. C.: Nine loads of buckshot fired at night into home of J. J. Caines, mill worker.

"Winfield, Ala.: Two officers of union surrounded by thirty armed thugs of Alabama Mills Company and ordered by them not to stop in county on pain of death.

"Columbus, Ga.: Management of Bibb mill demanding people return to work or leave company houses immediately.

"Maiden, N. C.: Stores refusing credit to all striking workers.

"Aragon, Ga.: Union charter torn from wall of workers' hall and torn up by company police."

More troops were mobilized in the textile strike than in any previous labor dispute. The picket line, the strikers' only weapon, was useless. A police state—exactly comparable to the police state of Nazi Germany, with barbed-wire-enclosed concentration camps and all—covered the South. The only answer to a police state is armed revolt, and an armed revolt would have been hopeless even if Gorman had dreamed of attempting it, which of course he didn't.

Once you admit that the strike could not have succeeded, you're forced to agree that it was technically clever to end it as Gorman did. The U.T.W. has lost nothing. Had the strike continued another week, Gorman's precious loom-fixers, pressed by sheer hunger, might have broken away and returned to the mills. The U.T.W. has gained the Winant

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report, whatever it may prove to be worth. In addition, the union has made gains in solidarity, discipline and public sympathy.

Gorman has demonstrated a brilliance of strike technique, a soundness of judgment, a capacity for hard, continuous work that are possessed by few other leaders of the workers. Overnight, he has become a possible candidate for the future headship of the A.F. of L. The doubt that arises, however, is whether Gorman is not just a little too brilliant, too coldly calculating to hold the loyalty of simple people. The present strike stirred the Southern mill villages to their depths. At least the more militant workers believed they were engaged in an Armageddon where victory would mean industrial freedom and defeat an infinite future of slavery. Gorman's cleverness has left them feeling sold out. Whether they will later forgive him remains to be seen.

Washington. JONATHAN MITCHELL.

North Dakota Seeks a Demagogue

FARMER loyalty to William Langer, deposed Governor of North Dakota, has political significance far beyond that suggested in press reports of his battle with Ole H. Olson, formerly his Lieutenant-Governor and now his successor. It shows that a strong and adroit man might lead North Dakota along a more leftward path than any group of American farmers has traveled to this date. Support might be given to a program that did not stop at agrarianism (and hence was of no concern to industrial workers), but formed the basis for an actual farmer-labor coalition.

William Langer, ten days after his conviction of conspiracy to defraud the federal government, was renominated for Governor by a sweeping vote. When he was sentenced to eighteen months in prison and directed to pay a fine of $10,000, the farmers still wanted him to be Governor. Finally, when the state supreme court declared him ineligible for the office, the Republican Central Committee substituted his wife's name for his, and no one will be particularly surprised if she is elected.

This is explained partly by Langer's slick political machine and partly by the fact that his sentence is considered severe. But principally it is explained by Langer's proclamation, in April, 1933, of a moratorium on the foreclosure of farm and home mortgages.

In actual practice the moratorium has not been strikingly important. With the present outlook for agriculture, no mortgage holder is anxious to foreclose if he is being paid any interest, and even where no payment is made the intelligent creditor will go slow. The number of farms actually saved by the moratorium is probably small, but the farmers regard it as a *coup d'état* against Money. The banks, insurance companies and all other out-of-state creditors are naturally horrified at North Dakota's official attitude toward the sanctity of contract. Everyone—borrower and lender alike—accepts the moratorium as a breach in the walls of capitalism. And the farmers are not disturbed.

"Why should *we* worry about property rights?" the farmers ask when you suggest that they are striking at the fundamental economic structure. In 1930 less than a third of the farms in the state were operated by full owners, and even those were mortgaged to 38 percent of their value. What the situation may be today, after four years of grasshoppers and two years of drought, is an uncomfortable conjecture.

When your farm is covered with mortgages, your cattle tied up with a barnyard loan, your machinery attached by a chattel mortgage, your previous year's taxes unpaid and your coming crop covered by a seed lien—and then you get no crop—you fail to see just what it is you may lose with the collapse of capitalism.

Previous indications of discontent in North Dakota have been agrarian and nothing more. If Eastern business men jittered about the Non-Partisan League of the war days, the facts show that the League could never have attracted many industrial workers, and in any event was far from being the revolutionary party the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce hoped you would think it was.

Although North Dakota embarked on several experiments in state socialism, and although A. C. Townley, president of the Non-Partisan League, was convicted of seditious utterance, that hardly constituted revolution. The Leaguers were essentially conservative. To the extent that they owned their own farms they were capitalists, although they would have blanched at the designation. They had been the victims of grain-handling racketeers and banking racketeers, and they had determined to be so no longer. But as for a program appealing to labor—nothing doing. The rank and file of the membership agreed with all good Americans that Wobbly organizers among their workmen should be ridden out of the state on rails. What they wanted was cheap labor and no subversion. The brotherhood of man left them cold. They were operating on the "inarticulate major premise" that capitalism must be preserved.

And that was in the League's heyday. As time went on, North Dakota became even less radical.

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Many of the state-ownership projects fell into bad repute, and the surest way to scare a League member was to sneak up behind him and say "Socialism!" In 1932 everyone seemed to be down on Hoover, but whooping it up for Roosevelt. Out of 250,000 votes cast, Thomas got 3,500 and Foster 830.

But conditions have changed since 1932. Farm prices have gone up, but they were highest when farmers had no wheat to sell. Government benefit payments have been made, but on many farms these payments represent 90 percent of the cash income for the present year, and amount to perhaps a tenth of the farm expenses. This summer the extreme eastern part of the state had a pretty fair crop, but in much of North Dakota people take as great an interest in contemporary high wheat prices as they might in the price of bananas. More Federal Land Bank mortgages have been slapped on and still more are to come, but with many farms the limit has been reached.

In this situation the farmer can take an entirely new attitude toward labor. He is no longer the capitalist worried about labor costs. Power farming has reduced the labor item in his budget to a fraction of its former size, but even if this were not so, the operator of a mortgaged farm is beginning to see that he himself is a laborer—working for the mortgage holder. He owns his own land only by an extremely technical construction of the term.

The unwavering loyalty to Langer—almost entirely on the basis of his moratorium—is evidence of this switch in attitude toward property. And the loyalty is more pronounced and the change in attitude more dramatic because a year ago Langer was far from popular with many farmers of the state. The moratorium had been passed the previous spring, but no one talked about it much. People thought Roosevelt would perform his miracles and then everyone could pay off all his debts and go to the World's Fair.

Langer was unpopular because of the party levy on state employees' salaries and the subscription plan of the Langer house organ, The Leader. This weekly newspaper was as crafty a piece of journalism as you are likely to run across. It combined important and interesting state news with a judicious mixture of Langer, Langer, Langer. The subscribers were almost entirely state employees, and it was common belief that a stenographer in the capitol at Bismarck or a workman on a highway through the Bad Lands would lose his job if he failed to subscribe. And the farmers were mad. It was a hold-up.

So when Langer tried the same tactics on E.R.A. office clerks and received the surprise of his life by being indicted, convicted, sentenced and thrown out of office, it was reasonable to assume that the anti-Langer faction would be happy—but not at all.

The week after the passing of sentence against the Governor, The Leader had a two-page spread of drawings and blurbs pointing out the remarkable similarity between Abraham Lincoln and William Langer. But no one thought it was funny. It put the matter correctly: Lincoln, the poor man's President; Langer, the poor man's Governor. Such had become the feeling in North Dakota.

Allegiance to Langer is strong enough so that farmers who have always favored Senator Gerald Nye will lay you two to one that either Congressman Lemke or Convict Langer will take his job away from him when the present term expires. Nye broke with the Governor, and they think that finishes off Nye for good.

If Langer does return to political power either by his wife's governorship or in some other manner, no radical development may take place, for Langer's sincerity on the issue of radicalism is open to grave question. His record as Governor is fairly consistent, and occasionally The Leader shows a sharp leftward tendency (*e.g.*, use of the word "red" as commendation), but over against that must be set his biography. After receiving a law degree from the University of North Dakota in 1906, he went to Columbia for an A.B. (Class of 1910, president, "most popular," "biggest politician" and "noisiest student"), and then went home to practise law and become a bank director. In 1916 he was elected Attorney-General. During the War he was legal adviser to the State Council of Defense, which combined Red-hunting with other activities. "Who's Who in America" all but lost track of him between Volume 10 and Volume 16, but on his return to full listing in 1930, he set himself down as a member of these organizations: Elks, Woodmen of America, Knights of Columbus, Maccabees.

Langer has several serious rivals for the position of leader in the as yet unorganized protest against the existing order. His successor, Ole H. Olson, has shown few large capabilities so far, but he has a proper respect for the temper of the times. While he and Langer were issuing contrary orders to the militia and fighting it out for the governorship, Fargo business men almost unanimously favored Olson, hoping to find in him a conservative substitute for Langer. But when the state supreme court finally declared that Olson was Governor, almost his first act was to reaffirm the moratorium.

Congressman William Lemke, one of the more radical of the early Non-Partisan leaders and accused by Langer in 1920 of fostering a closed-shop agreement between Non-Partisan farmers and I.W.W. laborers, is now of the Langer party and carries great influence with the voters. He bears watching. But possibly the Northwest farm revolt, if it comes, will be led by none of these men, but by Governor Floyd B. Olson of Minnesota. His chances are particularly good because he already has an established party with a fairly radical program. As yet he has made no great impression in North Dakota, but the soil is prepared.

DATUS C. SMITH, JR.

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To the Finland Station: I

7. Decline of the Revolutionary Tradition: Taine

RENAN'S style, so much admired in its day, shows certain definite signs of decadence. Renan was always insisting that French literature ought to return to the language of the seventeenth century, that the classical vocabulary was sufficient to deal with modern feelings and ideas; and his own style preserves in distinguished fashion the classical qualities of lucidity and sobriety. Yet the language of Renan, which seems precise, has a way of leaving indistinct impressions. Compared to the language of Michelet, with its tightness, its vigor, its vibrations of excitement, Renan's prose is pale; it lacks relief. If we read him for long, his double phrases, which do not always quite seem to justify themselves by conveying separate ideas, begin to blur and put us to sleep.

With Taine, the effect is quite different. Taine is not trying to get back to the past; he has gone ahead with the present. But, in doing so, he has come to exhibit some of the most unattractive qualities of that present; and we may study in his form and his style the characteristics of the bourgeois nineteenth century, as they confront us as soon as we open him, before we pass on to his content.

Amiel complained of Taine: "This writer has a trying effect on me like a creaking of pulleys, a clicking of machines, a smell of the laboratory." And he was justified: Taine had perfected one of the great modern mechanical styles. His books have the indefatigable exactitude, the monotonous force, of machinery; and, for all Taine's gifts of sympathetic intelligence and the doubts with which he was sometimes troubled on certain tendencies of his contemporary world, he is rarely shaken out of the cocksure and priggish tone, the comfortable conviction of solidity, of the bourgeois whom the machine is making rich. In this, he resembles Macaulay, whom he had at one time inordinately admired; but it is a Macaulay of the latter half of the century and a Macaulay of a more philosophical turn of mind, who is beginning to be sour instead of optimistic at the direction which the century is taking. It is curious to find Taine, in his chapter on Macaulay, condemning in his predecessor the very faults from which he suffers himself. For Taine himself, in spite of his repeated insistence on his attitude of naturalistic objectivity, was to become almost as emphatic as Macaulay with a sort of middle-class moral flatness. And the overdemonstration which he blames in Macaulay, the laboring of points already made obvious, is certainly one of Taine's worst habits.

It is not precisely decadence which is seen here; Taine's immense sentences, vast paragraphs, gigantic chapters, represent the never slackening multiplied production of a class which is still sure of itself. But there is a lack of human completeness somewhere, and this appears in Taine's real lack of taste. He manages to combine the rigor of the factory with the upholstery and the ornamentation of the nineteenth-century salon. Almost the entire surface of Taine's writing is covered with enormous similes, which have been laid on like a coat of paint. These similes at their best are very good; but even when they are good they are usually overelaborated; and all too often they are ludicrous or clumsy. "A creature of air and flame," he writes of Voltaire, "the most excitable who has ever lived, composed of atoms more ethereal and more vibrant than those of other men, there is none whose mental structure is finer nor whose balance is at the same time more unstable and more true. We may compare him to those precision scales which are susceptible of being disturbed by a breath, but beside which the other devices for measurement are inexact and coarse. Only very light weights should be placed in this scale, only samples as tiny as possible; but it will, on this condition, weigh any substance with strictness." This is splendid; it really states something which we had never quite realized about Voltaire. But a few pages before, we have had the following: "I compare the eighteenth century to a company of people at table: it is not enough that the food should be before them, that it should be prepared, presented, easy to get hold of and digest; it must also be a special course, or better a delicacy. The mind is a gourmet; let us furnish it with savory and delicate dishes, suited to its taste; it will eat all the more for sensuality's having whetted the appetite." Now why must we be told all this simply in order that we may learn that the writing of the eighteenth century was seasoned with "salt and spice"? The notion of wisdom seasoned with wit is surely a common enough one; the simple word was all that Taine needed. Yet with the utmost complacency he stages for us a banquet, and a banquet at which we are invited to entertain the forbidding hypothesis that unseasoned and unappetizing food may be served, but at which we are finally relieved to see the diners, their "appetite whetted" by "sensuality," fall upon food which has been delicately prepared. The appetite whetted by sensuality is extremely typical of Taine—as if the appeasement of hunger were not sensual in itself! Later in "The Origins of Contemporary France," in the section on "The Revolutionary Government," we find what is prob-

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ably one of the worst figures in literature. Taine is trying to convey the situation of France at the time when, according to his picture, all the men of public spirit and brains have been executed or driven into exile or hiding, and only the ignorant and brutish hold the power: "The overturn," he writes, "is complete: subjected to the revolutionary government, France resembles a human being who should be obliged to walk on his head and think with his feet." This is bad enough; but when we turn the page, we find the next chapter beginning as follows: "Imagine a human being who has been obliged to walk with his feet up and his head down"—and he goes on to elaborate it for half a page. Compare Taine even at his best with the images in Michelet, which are struck off so much more spontaneously but which stick so much longer in the mind: the Renaissance sawed in two like the prophet Ezekiel; the Revolution undermined by speculators like the termites in LaRochelle; the Tsar and the King of Sweden coming down like great polar bears from the north and prowling about the houses of Europe; the unspoken words, congealed by fear, unfreezing in the air of the Convention; the French language of the eighteenth century traveling around the world like light. Even when these are not new, they come with the effect of sudden insight.

So much for the surface of Taine. It is significant of the difference between Michelet, on the one hand, and both Renan and Taine, on the other, that we should think of the latter as presenting surfaces. When we look back on Michelet, what we are aware of is not a surface, but the thing he is presenting, the living complex of the social being. Michelet's primary concern is to stick close to the men and events; he succeeds in dominating history like Odysseus wrestling with Proteus by seizing it and holding on to it through all its variety of metamorphoses; and in the course of the struggle, he works out an original kind of literary form. He has no preconceived ideas which hamper him; his ideas are in the nature of speculations, and they are merely set afloat in the upper air while Michelet's prime business is with what is actually happening. But both Renan and Taine practise systematizations which, in ordering the confusion of human life, seem always to keep it at a distance. Renan must never get so close to violent happenings or emotions that they can break up his sweet and even flow. Taine feeds history into a machine which automatically sorts out the phenomena, so that all the examples of one kind of thing turn up in one section or chapter and all the examples of another kind in another, and the things which do not easily lend themselves to Taine's large and simple generalizations do not turn up at all. The thesis is the prime consideration, and though he will allow a moderate variety in what may happen, it must not vary so as to violate the thesis. Yet Taine, with his remarkable machine, did manufacture an article of value. Let us find out now what it is.

The generation of French artists and thinkers who came to manhood about 1850 had pretty well abandoned political interests. The *coup d'état* of Louis Bonaparte in 1851 depressed them and left them feeling helpless. Taine, like Renan, had declined to make an issue of the oath of allegiance to Napoleon III. He took the position that the voters, though imbeciles, had the right to confer power on whom they chose; that for a dissident like himself to refuse to submit to their choice would constitute an act of insurrection—the implication being that such an act would be wholly improper in itself, amounting to an attack on organized society. He refused, however, to sign a declaration presented to the university professors and eliciting an assurance of their "gratitude" and their "respectful devotion." "Political life," he wrote to a friend, "is forbidden us for perhaps ten years. The only path is pure literature or pure science."

Men like Taine were traveling away from romanticism, from the revolutionary enthusiasm and the emotional exuberance of the early part of the century, and setting themselves an ideal of objectivity, of exact scientific observation, which came to be known as naturalism. Both Renan and Taine pretend to a detachment quite alien to the fierce partisanship of a Michelet; and both do a great deal more talking about science. The science of history is for Taine a pursuit very much less human than it had been for Michelet. He writes in 1852 of his ambition "to make of history a science by giving it like the organic world an anatomy and a physiology." And in the preface to his "Essay on Titus Livy," he wrote in 1856 as follows: "Man, says Spinoza, is in nature, not as an empire in an empire, but as a part in a whole, and the movements of the spiritual automaton which is our being are governed by laws to the same extent as those of the material world in which it is contained." Note that it is no longer a question of humanity creating itself, of liberty warring against fatality; but of an automaton functioning in an automaton. In the famous introduction to the "History of English Literature," published in 1863, Taine stated his full philosophy and program: in dealing with works of literature, "as in any other department, the only problem is a mechanical one: The total effect is a compound determined in its entirety by the magnitude and the direction of the forces which produce it." The only difference between moral problems and physical problems is that you haven't the same instruments of precision to measure the quantities involved in the former. But "virtue and vice are products like vitriol and sugar"; and all works of literature may be analyzed in terms of the race, the milieu and the moment.

This theory in itself might have produced a criticism utterly arid: but Taine had a great appetite for literature and a gift for dramatizing literary events. In studying works of literature as the flowerings of periods and peoples, he developed su-

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perbly a special department of Michelet's "integral reconstitution of the past"; and literary criticism ever since, including the writer of this as he writes, has owed him an immense debt. From Taine's program, we might expect him to confine himself to an analysis of works of literature into their constituent chemical elements; but what he does rather is to exhibit them as specimens, and he delights in showing us how each of his specimens is perfectly developed in its kind. Nor is his interest in them, in spite of what he says, of a character purely zoölogical. Taine had strong moral prepossessions of a kind which made the literature of the English a peculiarly happy subject for him. Though he dismisses Dr. Johnson as "insupportable," he enjoys playing the Puritans off against the frivolities of the Restoration and gets one of his best effects by recalling the voice of Milton thundering at the "sons" of Belial after his description of the Restoration dramatists. One of his most eloquent chapters, however, one of the passages where he seems really great, is the contrast between Alfred de Musset and Tennyson, in which one kind of English morality gets the worst of it: "We think of that other poet away there in the Isle of Wight, who amuses himself by dressing up lost epics. How happy he is amongst his fine books, his friends, his honeysuckle and his roses! No matter. This other, even here amidst misery and filth, rose higher. From the heights of his doubt and despair, he saw the infinite as we see the sea from a storm-beaten promontory. Religions, their glory and their ruin, the human race, its pangs and its destiny, all that is sublime in the world appeared to him there in a flash. He felt, at least this once in his life, this inner tempest of deep sensations, gigantic dreams and intense delights, the desire for which enabled him to live, the lack of which forced him to die. He was not a mere dilettante; he was not content to taste and enjoy; he stamped his mark upon human thought; he told the world what man is, and love and truth and happiness. He suffered, but he imagined; he fainted, but he created. He tore forth with despair from his entrails the idea which he had conceived, and he held it up before the eyes of all, bloody and alive. That is harder and finer than to go fondling and gazing upon the ideas of others. There is in the world only one achievement worthy of a man: the bringing forth of a truth to which we give ourselves up and in which we believe. The people who have listened to Tennyson are better than our aristocracy of bourgeois and Bohemians; but I prefer Alfred de Musset to Tennyson."

This is not merely a vindication of Musset; it is a vindication of Taine. What sounds in this passage so stirringly is the tone of that real intellectual heroism which makes Taine himself command our respect. But it is significant that he should go back for his text to the generation of 1830. Outside the ideal of "pure science," to which he imagined he had devoted his life, there was little moral inspiration for Taine in the France of the Second Empire. He took courses in anatomy and psychology, frequented the alienists. Yet his determinism is not enough for him; and although he continues to affirm it, we find him smuggling himself out of his confinement within a mechanistic universe in various more or less illogical ways. When he comes to write his philosophy of art, he is obliged to introduce a moral value in the form of a consideration of "the degree of beneficence of the character" of a given artist or painting. And in his last phase we are to see him responding to a sense of patriotic duty.

The French defeat and the Commune profoundly shocked and troubled Taine; and he sat down in the autumn of 1871 to an immense and uncongenial task which was to occupy him all the remaining twenty years of his life and to be left by him unfinished at his death. Taine set himself to master politics and economics, and to study and analyze the processes of government in France from the eve of the great Revolution down through Napoleon to contemporary society. It is in vain that he keeps insisting that his object is purely scientific, that he is as detached in his attitude toward France as he would be toward Florence or Athens: the "Origins of Contemporary France" has an obvious political purpose; and we may infer from it how far the enlightened bourgeois has traveled since the end of the preceding century in his relation to the revolution which made possible his present enlightenment and which established him in the present enjoyment of his property and his rights.

The first thing that strikes us, after Michelet and Renan, about the "Origins of Contemporary France" is that it is not a history at all, but simply an enormous essay. If Renan has become an historian of ideas, allowing other events to lapse into the background, Taine is an historian of literature and displays a truly startling ineptitude when he attempts to deal with parliaments and uprisings. Books and pictures may be pinned down and studied quietly in libraries and museums; and a social life sufficient to explain them may be reconstituted from conversation and travel; but though Taine can read all the documents on a great social struggle as he can read any other books, there is nothing in his own personality or experience which enables him to recreate in imagination the realities these documents represent. Note, in the specimens of his imagery which I have quoted, how awkward he is with a political generalization, but how brilliantly he comes to life as soon as it is a question of a writer to be described. In the eternal generalizations, classifications, which constitute the whole structure of his history, the movement of events is lost. In the first place, where Michelet, in attempting to tell everything, is always tending to overflow his frame, Taine has begun by fixing a frame which will exclude as many elements of his subject as possible. What he is undertaking, he tells us, is merely a

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"history of the public powers"; he leaves to others the history "of the diplomacy, the wars, the finances, the Church." Then he formulates a set of simplifications of general political and social tendencies, then marshals to the support of each of these a long array of documentary evidence. By Taine's time, the amassment of facts for their own sake was coming to be regarded as one of the proper functions of history; and Taine was always emphasizing the scientific value of the "little significant fact." Here, he says, he will merely present the evidence and allow us to conclude for ourselves; but it never seems to occur to him that we may ask ourselves who it is who is selecting the evidence and why he is making this particular choice. It never seems to occur to him that we may accuse him of having conceived the simplification first and then having collected the evidence to fit it; or that we may be made skeptical at the outset by the very assumption on his part that there is nothing he cannot catalogue with certainty under a definite number of heads with Roman numerals about so complex, so confused, so disorderly and so swift a human crisis as the French Revolution.

As Renan, even after he has explained to us that in the decline of the ancient world it was saints rather than sages who were needed, makes us wonder whether the civilization represented by Marcus Aurelius might not after all have saved itself and done a much more agreeable job of it; so Taine, in the very act of demonstrating the inevitability of the breakdown of the old regime, assures us that its worst abuses were already being corrected by the governing class itself and keeps intimating that if only the people had been a little more reasonable and patient, the whole affair might have been quietly adjusted. Our conviction of the inevitability of religions and revolutions varies in proportion to our distance from them and our opportunity for untroubled reflection. Taine plays down the persecutions for religious belief and liberal thought under the old regime and almost succeeds in keeping them out of his picture; and he tries somehow to convey the impression that there was nothing more to the capture of the Bastille than a barbarous and meaningless gesture by telling us that it contained at the time, after all, only seven prisoners and dwelling on the misdirected brutalities committed by the mob. Though in some admirable social-documentary chapters he has shown us the intolerable position of the peasants, his tone becomes curiously aggrieved as soon as they begin violating the old law by seizing estates and stealing bread. Toward the Federations of 1789, which had so exalting an effect on Michelet, he takes an ironic and patronizing tone. The spirit and achievements of the revolutionary army have been shut out from his scope in advance and are barely—though more respectfully—touched upon. And the revolutionary leaders are presented, with hardly a trace of sympathetic insight—from a strictly zoölogical point of view, he tells us—as a race of "crocodiles."

Where now is the Taine who, with Alfred de Musset, could exult in the sense of humanity rising to greatness of vision through misery, conflict, dissipation? The human Proteus, in its convulsions and its disconcerting transformations, has thrown Taine and sent him away sulky, as soon as he has emerged from his library. Not only is he horrified by the Marats, but confronted by a Danton or a Madame Roland, he shrinks at once into professorial superiority. At the sight of men making fools and brutes of themselves, even though he himself owes to their struggles his culture and his privileged position, a remote disapproval chills his tone, all the bright colors of his fancy go dead. Where is the bold naturalist now who formerly made such obstinate headway against the squeamishness of academic circles? He is pressing upon us a social program which blends strangely the householder's timidity with the intellectual's independence. Don't let the State go too far, he pleads: we must, to be sure, maintain the army and the police to protect us against the foreigner and the ruffian; but the government must not be allowed to interfere with Honor and Conscience, Taine's pet pair of nineteenth-century abstractions, nor with the private operation of industry which stimulates individual initiative and by which thus alone we can be sure of securing general prosperity.

The truth is that the mobs of the great Revolution and the revolutionary government of Paris have become identified now in Taine's mind with the socialist revolution of the Commune. Like Renan, he has been driven to imagining that his sole solidarity lies with a small number of superior persons who have been appointed as the salt of the earth; and he is even farther than Renan from Michelet's conception of the truly superior man as him who most completely represents the people. But, though not much liking his ordinary fellow bourgeois, he will rise to the defense of the bourgeois law and order as soon as there seems to be a danger of its being shaken by the wrong kind of superior people.

Yet something is wrong; his heart is not in this as it was in his early work. He does not like the old regime; he does not like the Revolution; he does not like the militaristic France which has been established by Napoleon and his nephew. And he never lived to write the glorification of the French family, which was to have given its moral basis to his system, nor the survey of contemporary France, in which he was apparently to have taken up the problem of the use and abuse of science: how, although it was beneficent in the hands of the elite, it became deadly in the hands of the vulgar.

EDMUND WILSON.

This is the fifth instalment of Mr. Wilson's essay on the writing and acting of history. The sixth instalment, dealing with Anatole France, will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.

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Washington Notes

Publicity Directors as Strike Leaders—The Strike Settlement—The Railroad Coördinator Makes a Proposition

THE END of the textile strike—if it turns out really to be ended—means the finish of a battle between the publicity directors on either side. The strikers, as I pointed out last week, were better equipped on the propaganda front than any previous labor organization in American history. The mill owners and manufacturers had their customary advantages, in that conservative newspaper publishers were inclined to give them all possible benefit of the doubt, and they had the aid—if it can be called that—of General Johnson's violent partisanship; yet even so, Leader Frank Gorman and his aides held up their end amazingly well.

The solution of the strike problem in this case hardly deserves even to be called a compromise; it is more a postponement of the issues than anything else. The strikers, whose position, especially in the South, was getting pretty desperate, have gambled on the chance that the new Textile Labor Relations Board will actually give them decent wages and hours and collective bargaining; and that the employers will accept the decisions of such a board. These are very dangerous assumptions, especially in view of President Roosevelt's painfully noticeable tendency to assume that workers in any industry who are not actually on strike are probably getting on perfectly well. If he would really take steps to see that the new board was impartial, competent and vigorous, and that its decisions were carried out, the textile workers might feel that they had won a big victory. But who can now say that that is what the President will do?

As to Mr. Roosevelt's general leanings, no one can really say what they are. There have been certain indications that, since the nomination of Upton Sinclair in California and the resignation of Budget Director Douglas, Mr. Roosevelt is possessed of a desire to allay the alarm of the conservative business elements by convincing them that he is "sound at heart," and is not permitting himself to be "swept off his feet" by his "radical advisers." One such sign is his recent reported reception of the new railroad-consolidation proposals laid before him by Mr. Eastman, the able and broad-minded Railroad Coördinator. In effect, the suggestions made by Mr. Eastman on his recent Hyde Park visit looked toward government ownership and private operation of the roads.

This has always been Eastman's solution. He has never deviated from his basic belief that in the end the government would have to take the roads over, though he has agreed that the end would have to be approached slowly, that the time for outright government ownership had not yet arrived, that there were enormous difficulties in the way and that progress would be slow. Nevertheless, he has always kept his eye on the goal, and his recent proproposals, it is reported, contemplated moving in that direction.

The information here is that Mr. Roosevelt rather shrank from them, feeling, as he does, that nothing savoring of national ownership should be advocated at this time, and evinced a disinclination to do anything that might be calculated to "disturb business." I think probably Roosevelt's attitude of hostility to Eastman's ideas has been exaggerated by Washington talk and by certain published reports, and that if he disagreed with Mr. Eastman he did so mildly and with the assurance that while he was with him in principle, there were certain reasons that made it inexpedient to push his plans at this time.

I do not think it is a matter of conviction with Mr. Roosevelt and I believe that at bottom he would rather go along with Mr. Eastman than not. There is, however, an election in the offing and until that is over no decisive moves either to the Left or to the Right can be expected from him. At least, if he makes any such it will be against the unanimous and emphatic desire of the White House political strategists. The belief is pretty strong that the direction he will take after the election will be determined largely by the size of the House majority. If the New Deal retains control by approximately the same vote it had in the last session, losing only thirty or forty seats, the endorsement will encourage the President to expand his program and definitely move further to the Left. If, however, the Democrats should lose more than fifty or sixty seats, it would be regarded as indicative of a popular desire to "slow up," and the White House ardor for action would be diminished. At any rate, that is the way things appear to certain cynical observers in this vicinity.

T. R. B.

Washington.

—And to Carlyle

To wander dark streets and alleyways, to fling your
Cries at men who look and smile wearily,
Politely, to see Mammon safe in the
Arms of Jesus, England's feet wrapped in
The Times for a little warmth, and yet to
Feel the hopes that pulse in the living
Heart, to know any word spoken is better than
None, and yet to die without having spoken
The right one, to go under like the dead in
No Man's Land with lips twisted to despair and
Eyes that stare to heaven in defeat: it is
Your doom and ours, Carlyle.

What tutelage for bastards in the impalpable
Vision when all doctrines fail? Your words
Are echoes like our own: pour them down the
Drain of time and hope that before world's
End April will come again. And until then
Have we nothing but praise for another
Century, apostrophes like yours to no
Purpose uttered, now gone unread? Must we too
Set up the grave in the heart and die shrieking
Our obloquies at the world and not even
God's wrath to strike in answer?

T. C. Wilson.

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Other People's Money

The du Ponts Are Less Than Frank—A Successful Reorganization—When Are War Profits Not War Profits?

AT THE hearings of the Senate Committee on Munitions, Senator Gerald P. Nye sought to show that the foundation of the great du Pont industrial empire was the profits made from the War. This Mr. Pierre du Pont flatly denied and later Mr. Lammot du Pont energetically explained away by saying that the vast acquisitions made by the du Pont company since the War were made, not out of profits, but chiefly by absorption of other companies through an exchange of stock involving no cash outlay whatever. In this I think the Messrs. du Pont were less than frank. And I shall try to prove it.

First let me preface this with the statement made by Mr. Pierre du Pont that at the conclusion of the War the du Pont company booked its surplus as $71,000,000 and that though this was a goodly sum, it represented all that the company had to show for the so-called vast war profits.

I shall put aside for the moment the simple arithmetical calculation that this is the sum required to pay 200,000 men in the trenches for a full year. It is not to be supposed that these 200,000 men have $71,000,000 left at the end of a year of fighting. The entire amount is consumed in caring for the families or in meeting the simple wants of the soldier himself. This $71,000,000 was what the du Pont company had left, over and above all salaries, outlays, expenses, at the end of the War. If this were all, it seems to me it would be quite enough.

But the facts are something different. I beg the reader to follow these figures closely in order to see how well the carefree statements of great financiers will stand examination.

At the end of 1913 the du Pont company had assets amounting to $74,816,826. Against these, however, there were outstanding bonds, preferred stock, bills payable, deferred liabilities, etc., amounting to $39,708,437. The common stock, therefore, had a valuation on the company balance sheet of $29,426,100. To this must be added the surplus of $5,682,289. Thus the free assets, the value allocated to the common stockholders, was $35,109,389.

Then came the war in Europe. The du Ponts began to make enormous sales to the Allies. In the year before the War the net profits were $5,769,132. In 1915 they were $57,840,788. This only partly states the fact. Huge sums in cash were advanced by the Allies to the company to enable it to make plant expansions. In each year, these expenditures, made out of these advances, were written off gradually.

Then in 1915 a new company was formed. I will not befuddle this account with names. The new company, which really represented only a slight change of name, bought out all the assets of the old company for $120,000,000, which it paid for in stock. When this was over, the new company had the business. The old company had all the stock issued by the new company, amounting to $120,000,000.

Then the old company proceeded to call in the preferred stocks and the bonds standing against the old company. These were valued at $33,990,801. (There may be a discrepancy of a few thousand dollars in these figures.) They were exchanged for stock. After buying them up, therefore, and canceling them, the common stockholders of the old company had for themselves $120,000,000 of stock paid to them by the new company, less the $33,990,801 paid for retiring the preferred and bonds. This left them debenture and common stock valued on the new company's balance sheet at $86,009,199.

This, then, was the first gain of the du Pont common stockholders. They gained in this reorganization the difference between the old $29,000,000 of common and the new $86,000,000 of common and debenture stock which they retained. I assume they continued to hold it.

At the end of the War, then, they had this $86,000,000 of common and debenture stock plus the $71,000,000 of surplus which had been piled up.

But they had a good deal more. They had the approximately $141,000,000 in cash dividends which had been declared.

In those war years they bought powder factories, chemical factories, paint and lacquer companies and other related industries and all out of earnings. There were no exchanges of stock. Moreover, they bought a one-fourth interest in the stock of the General Motors Corporation, and this was bought with earnings. How much this is worth to the company may be seen from this simple fact. In 1929, the last big year, the dividends from the General Motors stock amounted to over half of all the earnings of all the extensive du Pont enterprises. That stock is now carried at a book value of $147,000,000 on the company's books and in the six years up to and including 1929 brought into the du Pont company $142,000,000 in earnings.

After the War, with this vast foundation, these huge earnings, the immense power and prestige of the company, it was able to acquire a large number of industries by an exchange of stock. But to say that they made only $71,000,000 out of war, that the swollen war profits are not the foundation of their far-flung interests of today, is to impose on the credulity and common sense of their listeners.

Mr. Irénée du Pont made another remark over and over again. He insisted that his company had made no profit out of its American war orders. It had made profits, of course, but these profits were less than the taxes the government took back from the company during the War. Here again Mr. du Pont was less than frank. In those two war years the du Pont company made enormous profits out of its sales to the Allies and to the United States government. On those total sales it paid income taxes. It may be that the total income taxes were more than the profits made from the United States. But all the income taxes paid out were not paid on the profits made from America. If the taxes allocated to the American profits are measured against the American profits then it will be seen that the du Ponts did make a handsome profit out of this government during the War. They should not be allowed to do that again.

JOHN T. FYLNN.

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On the Labor Front

Dean of Strikebreakers—A Service for Employers —"Highest References Furnished"—Tying Government Employees' Hands

MR. P. L. "Red Demon" Bergoff is in the news once more. And who is Mr. Bergoff? In his own words, he is "dean of the strikebreakers." Others, according to him, "may break a buttonhole makers' strike, but when it's steel or utilities or railroads they come to me. I'm dean—been at it thirty years and made millions breaking strikes in this country." The big job now, of course, is textiles.

The "Red Demon," as he became known in a score of bloody strikes during the last quarter of a century, maintains headquarters in New York City, where the "Bergoff Service Bureau, Industrial Specialists," stands ready, day and night, to dispatch armed "guards" to employers harassed by strike or labor difficulties. The agency, outstanding in its field, has figured in nearly all the major conflicts of the year. During the longshoremen's strike, Mr. Bergoff sent nearly 1,000 "guards" to San Francisco; however, the men were specially selected so that they could "fit in as strikebreakers," if that became necessary.

And when the steel workers threatened to walk out last June, Mr. Bergoff, in an interview published by The New York World-Telegram, reported that he was working for several of the big steel companies, preparing for the strike. The preparations, as reported by The World-Telegram, included the selection of 10,000 armed guards, purchase of arms and ammunition, erection of barriers—"all the preparations for regular warfare, at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars." Most of the 10,000 armed guards, said Mr. Bergoff, would be sworn in by local sheriffs—"we have a tentative understanding with local sheriffs, as has any large agency like ours that knows its business."

But the "Red Demon" is somewhat distressed at the course the textile strike has taken. Specifically, he doesn't like Governor Talmadge's "partial martial" law edict in Georgia. For as a result of the Governor's action, the services of some 800 of the "Red Demon's" picked "guards" were dispensed with, and the men were ordered to return to New York. "The Governor practically gypped us out of $100,000," complains Mr. Bergoff. Not the least interesting part of Mr. Bergoff's complaint is the revelation that these "guards" were imported on the order of W. D. Anderson, head of the Southern Textile Manufacturers' Association, and were to have received from $6 to $20 per day for fighting in the cause of the open shop. Mr. Anderson is one of the textile executives who have been crying to high heaven over the "illegal" intimidation caused by picketing—especially the invasion of mill towns by the so-called flying squadrons of pickets. Apparently, he sees nothing intimidating or incorrect in the importation of a private army from New York.

Likewise, it is always a source of wonder that impoverished manufacturers, insisting that they cannot possibly afford to raise wages, can nevertheless see their way clear to spending exorbitant sums on strikebreakers. In the present strike, it is estimated that at least 10,000 special deputies—strikebreakers, that is—have been hired. If the rates paid Mr. Bergoff's "guards" are any index, the total cost of fighting the strike can easily reach staggering proportions. Apparently, the textile manufacturers would have the public believe that they are willing to sacrifice this money in order to protect the "liberty" of their workers and not because it bears any relation to the profits they are able to extract from an unorganized, open-shop labor market.

Meanwhile, the Bergoff Service Bureau remains open for further business. A special folder, describing its varied services and uses, lists the following departments:

> Strike Prevention Department.—This department is composed of men possessing natural leadership qualifications. Men of intelligence, courage and great persuasive powers, to counteract the evil influence of strike agitators and the radical element.
>
> Undercover Department.—Our undercover department is composed of carefully selected male and female mechanics and workpeople. They furnish accurate information of the movements and contemplated actions of their fellow employees. "Forewarned is forearmed."
>
> Open-shop Labor Department.—This department is composed of an organization equipped to supply all classes of competent mechanics and workpeople to keep the wheels of industry moving during a strike.

As testimonials to his good work in the past, Mr. Bergoff has nice letters of praise from Frank Hedley, president of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, Charles Kreuger of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit System and from many other nationally known companies which have been involved in labor troubles. As references, Mr. Bergoff lists over one hundred organizations, including most of the big railroads, a number of steamship companies, the Aluminum Company of America, the Standard Oil Company of New York.

The "Red Demon" places his work on a high plane. "We're going to be lucky," he confides, "if we save this country from a revolution. The boys down in Wall Street have come to me a lot of times for advice, and I've never steered them wrong." A good number of the "boys," it appears, believe Bergoff has the right dope. At any rate, they are willing to pay fancy fees for his service. Only recently, the United Dry Docks paid him $2,000 a week plus $12 a day for armed guards to forestall a minor revolution among shipworkers.

General Johnson is not noted for his admiration for organized labor, but even he must look with some approval on the latest policy adopted by the American Federation of Government Employees. At its recent convention the union amended its constitution to prohibit not only strikes but picketing or any other action that might cause embarrassment to the government. Another amendment declares that grievance committees shall never consist of more than five members. In brief, the officials of the A.F.G.E. have by their own action tied the hands of government employees and prevented any resort to mass action.

General Johnson's only regret over the program must be that it was not adopted a few months earlier. For it was by picketing, by mass protest and by large grievance committees that the N.R.A. employees' union was able to center the attention of the nation on the Donovan case.

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And it was this agitation, embarrassing though it was to the General, that eventually forced the case to arbitration and resulted in Mr. Donovan's reinstatement. Moreover, the National Labor Relations Board virtually gave its approval to these activities, declaring that "there was no tribunal to which Donovan could resort. . . . Conduct more temperate might have been expected of him if he had not had to rely on the methods of agitation alone." Despite this, however, the officials of the A.F.G.E., apparently fearing similar rank and file activities, have now taken the necessary steps to head off mass agitation and keep control in their own hands.

WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

Gebrauchsmusik

THE FIGURES of two little operas produced last year frequently recur to this reviewer's memory, and he craves the privilege of talking a bit about them for the reasons that they appear to him to have been insufficiently remarked, and that they define the meaning of that new temptation of the musical malaprops, the word "Gebrauchsmusik."

Literally the curious watchword signifies conventional music, or music as employed in rituals. But the definiteness of its literal meaning is not going to save the term from misapplications; any more than the definiteness of their literal meanings has saved other novel musical terms from misuse; particularly those whose noble detonations seem to indicate deep and arcane matters. The recent flourishes of the name of "musicologist" provide some charming instances of this fatality. Evidently signifying one who practises, or believes in, the application of scientific method to musical studies, the word has been thought to indicate "one possessed of a profound understanding of music and its laws." And one "musicologist" has already conceived of "Gebrauchsmusik" as signifying "commanded music."

Both these neglected little operas are by the Berlinese composer—by and large the leader of the "Gebrauchsmusik" movement—Kurt Weill. The first of them was the mordant "Three-Penny Opera." Ineffectually produced at the Empire Theatre in an English translation that completely dimmed Bert Brecht's ironic lyrics, it none the less surprised us with some specially turned conventional music. The songs of the squalid operetta are cast in the form of, or actually based upon, organ-grinder melodies and foxtrots and marches grown threadbare in the service of forgotten musical comedies. But though conventional in manner, this German jazz is unconventional in spirit. The old song and ballad stuffs used by Weill have been divested by him of all their conventional prettiness, and accented and barbed to subtly expressive ends. The music of the "Three-Penny Opera" actually is a doubly ironic beggar-music. The persistent Yiddish minors and archly drooping melodic lines of the reconstituted ancient tunes, and the wheezing instrumental effects of the tiny orchestra, render the whole score eloquent of contemporary depression, cynicism, distress; and also ridiculous of it, and the only respectable "twentieth-century blues." This two-edged musical expressivity of the songs is very much in keeping with Brecht's sardonic reconstitution of Gay's beggar-opera idea. For it, too, is "such a piece as beggars might conceive and beggars enact"; one of those social exhibitions of rags and sores and crippled members constituting one of the pauper's few "weapons in the struggle"; but one simultaneously ironical of the beggarly, the weak, the low in spirit who only in a blue moon combine to make a demonstration against their oppressors and get themselves a bit of bread.

In any case, Weill's operetta score puts us in a position to define "Gebrauchsmusik" in part as music that, while making a wide appeal through the conventionality, popularity and simplicity of its means, simultaneously bends them to communicate a new content or feeling. And the fact that the shabby songs of the "Three-Penny Opera"—with their ancient tales of the ship figuring in the dreams of all oppressed persons, and their hoary retorts to those preaching morality to the poor, "First comes fodder, then morality!" and their well worn refrains "Man lives but by misdeeds!" and "He only who lives comfortably, lives pleasant!"—are especially appropriate to their context, need not discourage us from accepting them as typical, to some extent, of the work of the entire movement. And examination of other scores by Weill—"The Lindbergh Flight" and "The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahogany"—will prove repointed and conventional forms to be prevalent in all of them. The reason for their appearance is said in certain quarters to be communism, which wants an art accessible to the masses.

Persons reading this account of Weill's music will not fail to recognize that, whatever its rationale, the movement it represents exhibits, in the manner of other contemporary movements in music, the general leadership of Stravinsky; in this instance the Stravinsky of "Petrushka," "Renard" and "L'Histoire du Soldat" and other pieces, which created new ideas for old and conventional musical objects. In fact, the music of the "Three-Penny Opera" represents a logical extension of the Stravinskyan irony, which influenced the "Six" in Paris and their English parallels at the time of the Armistice. And the spell of the Russian original is also manifest in the other of the two Weill operas, which gave us the sense of the meaning of the slogan of "Gebrauchsmusik."

This second piece, the thirty-minute opera, "Der Jasager" (The Yea-Sayer), intended for presentation in schools and by young people, and actually given at the Playhouse in Grand Street by the Music School of the Henry Street Settlement under the direction of A. Lehman Engel, does not, however, proceed so directly from the earlier, as from the later Stravinsky. Conventional music figures in this poignant, stern, little work—especially in the song of the mother in the first act and the trio of scholars in the second. But it is not so preponderant as in the grimy operetta. Simple, anything but revolutionary, and characterized by the harsh contrapuntalism of Hindemith and other German moderns, the "Jasager" score is largely original in manner, as in substance; and the Stravinsky who influences it is the Stravinsky of "Oedipus Rex"—and at that the dramatist more than the composer. As in "Oedipus," only the center of the stage is devoted to the action, which is stylized. And like "Oedipus," "Der Jasager" presents us with a masked and stationary chorus which flanks the scenery on either

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hand and comments upon the action, and from time to time sings a refrain, in this instance to the words "Highest in value is wisdom and understanding!"

"Der Jasager" indeed exhibits a sort of morality for scholars and other young people. It values the self-sacrifice of the weak for the sake of the strong, of the individual for the sake of the group. Derived from the Japanese, the action represents the crisis in the life of a small boy: a role incidentally sung by a boy soprano. For the sake of finding aid for his sick mother, the lad joins a party of older scholars who are climbing a mountain range to arrive at a city of wisdom. On the ascent his strength gives out, and rather than force the party to retrace its steps and fail of its objective, he freely consents to let it rid itself of him by casting him from a cliff; thus achieving the sole greatness accessible to the weak.

Precisely this inculcation of morality by operatic means, which is the aim of the affecting little piece, clarifies for us the second meaning of the word "Gebrauchsmusik," which, of course, means cult or ceremonial as well as conventional music. "Gebrauchsmusik," therefore, is also music that serves ends beyond the strictly musical one; that is useful in ritual or other ceremonial exercises, and even helps, in the manner of the old church music, to exhibit an ethic. The celebrations and rites that it assists, however, remain modern ones and such as have not hitherto enjoyed its assistance. This conclusion, again, seems to relate the German movement to communism, with its particular preference for a humanitarian, socially purposive art.

In view of the fact that the "Gebrauchsmusik" movement was dying down in Germany even before Hitler restored the worship of the Teutonic divinities, including Wagner, it might be said that our illumination is somewhat tardy. Yet the slogan itself has a future. The movement it signified was productive. Its practice of converting old stuff into new musical expression is having an aftermath. The English Waltons and Lamberts are "Gebrauchsmusiker." And in Russia, composers are making music for secular ceremonials. There is Comrade Shostakovitch.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

Red Rain

I shall be drenched in red rain of the leaves
This autumn when the grain is in the stack;
I shall cut off the cornstalks at the knees
And let them cure to fill the fodder rack.
And when the red drops slither slowly down
And I am wielding corn knife I shall stop
And let the red rain hit my face husk-brown,
And I shall love to feel each dead-leaf drop
Press close my face and I shall love the sound
When I go out to feed the fattening hogs—
And I shall see red rain upon the ground
And hear it under feet of my hound dogs
When I go out with them and take the gun
And red rain falls between me and the sun.

JESSE STUART.

A COMMUNICATION

A National Program for Unemployment Insurance

SIR: There is every evidence that the people of the country have properly decided that they want unemployment insurance. There is, however, no evidence that they know what kind of unemployment insurance they want or even what the various possibilities are, while the plans of the Cabinet Committee on Social Security are not only unknown but probably still in the making.

There are distinct dangers in this situation. For in the absence of an informed public opinion, it is possible, with the best of intentions on the part of the administration, for ill conceived and hastily formulated plans to be proposed and uncritically accepted only to reveal themselves later as grossly inadequate.

For the purpose, therefore, of provoking discussion and of helping to crystalize public opinion, I should like to suggest the following features as basic to any adequate national program:

1. The system proposed should be capable of being rapidly extended to cover the industrial states.

An outright national system is not as essential in the field of unemployment insurance as in that of old-age pensions, or old-age insurance, since the necessary qualifying period of residence within a given state is much less, *i.e.*, one or at the most two years instead of fifteen or twenty. But if a nationally administered system is decided upon, I believe the much feared constitutional difficulties can be overcome by the simultaneous passage of two formally distinct acts. One of these could levy an excise tax of a given percent upon the payrolls of business enterprises, while the other could provide benefits for the unemployed. The former would appear constitutional and the latter, in view of the wide scope of the spending powers of Congress, almost certainly so. What might be adjudged unconstitutional if joined together should run the gauntlet if put asunder.

Personally, however, I favor a federal system as more adapted to the wide expanse and varied nature of the country. Such laws could be passed and primarily administered by the states, subject to national stimulus and the imposition of minimum standards. But the impetus from Washington should be sufficiently decisive so as to swing most of the states speedily into action.

There are at least two ways of doing this. The first is by an outright federal grant to those states which pass and administer satisfactory unemployment-insurance laws. I favor such a "block" grant rather than one which explicitly demands matching by the states, because of the distinct uncertainty whether the Supreme Court would permit compulsory contributions by employers and employees to be credited as a state's share against a matching grant. The federal stimulus might also be given, as was proposed in the Wagner-Lewis bill, by permitting employers to offset contributions made under approved compulsory state laws against a federal tax imposed on payrolls.

In any such federated system, the national government should itself: (a) cover by direct legislation those who, engaged in interstate commerce, would fall outside the jurisdiction of the states; (b) create a transfer fund to protect

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those who, having paid contributions in one state, move to another which also has unemployment insurance; (c) require that the states should turn over the major portion of their cash reserves under such a system to a federal agency. This would make possible the sterilization of some of these funds in periods of prosperity and would permit a much needed transfer of funds from prosperity to depression by issuing Federal Reserve notes during depressions upon the government bonds (in which the reserves would be chiefly invested); (d) set up a reinsurance fund which would come to the aid of well managed state funds that fall into distress. Finally, since most state legislatures will adjourn next spring not to reconvene until 1937, it is imperative, if a federal system is decided upon, that the national act should pass Congress not later than the latter part of January.

2. Under no conditions should the Wisconsin system of separate plant reserves be fastened upon the country. For that system provides that the premiums collected from a given company shall be used only to pay benefits to those who have been employed by it. Furthermore, when these reserves fall below $50 per worker, the maximum benefits ($10 at the most) are reduced by one-tenth for every reduction in reserves of $5 per worker. Thus if the reserves of a company fall to $20 per worker, the benefits will only be $4 a week. Since a business depression hits the durable-goods industries much more heavily than those producing consumers' goods, and hence will reduce their reserves to a much greater degree, the inevitable result will be great inequality of benefits among the unemployed—who will be equally innocent. Indeed, we should then have not only sharp inequalities, but a gross inadequacy of benefits as well.

Although such a plan is favored by certain liberal advisers who are close to the President and for whom I have great personal respect, it is almost certain to be taken up by reactionary business groups which naturally prefer company reserves, as company unions, to a more general system.

Far preferable to this is the Ohio plan of a statewide fund which would equalize benefits and obtain all of the economies which a pooled reserve permits. This is also favored by the American Association for Social Security and by numerous state federations of labor, including that of New York. Such a plan, by varying the assessments upon employers and industries according to the degree to which they were steadying employment, would, moreover, possess virtually all of the stabilizing advantages claimed by the Wisconsin school for plant reserves—which are certainly grossly exaggerated. For business depressions are outside the control of individual enterprises and seasonal unemployment is chiefly caused by changes in fashion and the weather, which are, in most cases, impossible to meet.

At the very least, therefore, the national act should leave a state free to adopt the type of fund it prefers, whether this be upon a plant, an industrial or a statewide basis. If this is done, I have little doubt as to what plan will ultimately be adopted, although initial mistakes may be made and hardships experienced through experiments with plant reserves. Preferably, however, the statewide pool should be used from the very first.

3. The various state systems should be required to meet adequate minimum standards. It is plainly insufficient to have the acts only cover establishments with more than ten employees and to pay benefits for only ten weeks, as is the case with the Wisconsin law. Instead, the laws should cover employers with more than three workers, and the benefit period should be at least fifteen weeks. If allowances for dependents are added, then the maximum straight benefit might fall so low as $10 a week, but if these are not provided, then the maximum benefits should go as high as $15 a week and from there be graded downward for the low-income groups. On the other hand, in order to concentrate the available funds for those who need them most, it is legitimate for the waiting period to run as high as four or five weeks. Lastly, the state systems should be required to operate under genuine civil-service provisions.

4. Finally, the federal government should not delude itself into believing that the passage of unemployment insurance will appreciably reduce the sums which governmental bodies will need to expend for relief during this depression. For in order to qualify for benefits under a genuine unemployment-insurance system, it is necessary that workers must have paid (or have paid for them) contributions for a previous period of employment, which should probably be not less than twenty weeks in the preceding year or thirty-six weeks in the two preceding.

This requirement the millions now out of work will not be able to meet. What they need is ample relief, and the public should not conclude that this need is removed by the passage of an unemployment-insurance law under which those at present unemployed cannot qualify. Furthermore, relief will be needed even under unemployment insurance to take care of those who have exhausted their claims to benefit but who are still in need. Work of the C.W.A. type might in return be required of this latter class. All this is not an argument against unemployment insurance. Insurance is chiefly valuable against the *next* depression, for which we should immediately get ready. The time to have provided in a decent and self-respecting way against this one was in the days of so-called Coolidge prosperity. But those of us who at that time urged such a policy were then labeled Bolsheviks.

Chicago, Ill. PAUL H. DOUGLAS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Housing and the P. W. A.

SIR: Mr. Henry S. Churchill states in your issue of August 15 that "the Housing Division of the P.W.A. has been virtually abolished." To the hundred or so employees of the Housing Division who spend ten hours a day, seven days a week, laboring under the apparent misapprehension that, despite changes in personnel, purpose and objectives remain as they were in January of this year, this comes as news.

Mr. Churchill, standing aloof in this imperfect world, infers that the Housing Division, as now constituted, falls short of remaking America. His perception is acute; his inference, unassailable. Examining, in the well equipped laboratory of his mind, the Housing Division's year, he rejects its work and proposes an alternative approach to the problem. These alternatives (of which there are, in similar form, enough to equal the number of angels that can at one time dance on the point of a pin) are all admirable. So long as they are shielded in these mental laboratories and sheltered from the buffetings of practical application they remain true and beautiful.

It might surprise Mr. Churchill to learn that members of the Housing Division (in such time as they have free from the task

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of sabotaging The Cause) also like to play with the creation of paper Utopias. It offers innocent amusement and release from immediate and real problems such as one derives from watching the Four Marx Brothers or six-day bicycle races. And it has no closer relation to the realities which even Mr. Churchill and his colleagues would be forced to face if they chose to step down from the heights of their Olympian wisdom to tackle housing rather than castles in the air.

The Housing Division (or its sturdy and amazingly active ghost) is working on approximately fifty projects in thirty-five cities under its present appropriation. It has made mistakes and it will make more mistakes (such as Mr. Churchill, cosy in his mind, would never conceive). But by the time Mr. Churchill and his colleagues get around to showing us the way—in person, rather than as oracles in the pulpit—they will find sufficient working examples of low-cost housing and slum-clearance projects to guide their unpractised steps. The Housing Division sincerely hopes that they will not feel embarrassed to profit by the experience which they now so lugubriously deplore.

TALBOT WEGG,
Washington, D. C. Housing Division, P.W.A.

SIR: I feel that Mr. Wegg's letter was fully covered in my reply to Mr. Ickes in your issue of September 19. Mr. Wegg has added nothing but words.

I am sure that the present organization of the Housing Division is as sincere and hard-working as was the old one. If and when P.W.A. produces "sufficient working examples of low-cost (low-rental?) housing and slum-clearance projects" it will be what I and "my colleagues" have long been hoping for. But for reasons previously stated, I fear their labors and our hopes to be equally vain.

New York City. HENRY S. CHURCHILL.

The Bellussi Case

SIR: New Republic readers will be interested in the latest developments in the case of Antonio Bellussi, described in your September 5 issue. Bellussi, the anti-Fascist, is still in danger of deportation to Fascist Italy. The Department of Labor has definitely refused to rehear the case, rejecting without explanation an appeal endorsed by many well known liberals. His departure before October 1 is mandatory; and yet Bellussi remains a man without a passport.

The Provisional Committee for Non-Partisan Labor Defense is still working to save this man from Fascist terror. There is a possibility of obtaining a visa even without a passport, but this requires funds. Much of the money originally collected for Bellussi has been spent for his defense and living expenses. Three hundred dollars is imperatively needed before October 1 to pay for his passage to keep him from leaving the country penniless. We appeal to all sympathetic readers of The New Republic to come to the aid of this courageous anti-Fascist fighter by sending contributions immediately to the Provisional Committee for Non-Partisan Labor Defense, 22 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

New York City. GEORGE E. NOVACK.

The United Front in France

SIR: Certain facts which appeared in the galley proofs on my article on "The United Front in France" [The New Republic, September 19] were omitted on account of exigencies of space. I consider them, however, extremely important for a knowledge of the united front.

One: On February 7 the Seine Federation of the Socialist Party called a counter-demonstration to the coup of February 6, and addressed an urgent note to the Communist Party asking for united action. The latter only replied through their newspaper, calling the Socialist Party semi-fascists and appealing for a united front from below. It was in light of this rejection by the official Communist Party of the offer of the Socialist Party that Doriot's setting up of the Vigilance Committee was so startling.

Two: Doriot appealed to the Executive Committee of the Communist International, asking it to justify his position on the united front. That appeal was signed by several hundred Communist Party members in St. Denis. The E.C.C.I. took no action, but referred his appeal back to the French Communist Party. I consider this fact important because it demonstrates that as late as May, the position of the Comintern was that of the united front from below.

Third: It should be noted that Doriot, after he was expelled from the Communist Party, was also expelled from the Continuation Committee of the Amsterdam Anti-War Congress, which is the analogue of our American League Against War and Fascism. This fact should be known because these various leagues against war and fascism initiated by the Communists have most frequently been offered as evidence that the Communists have changed their position on the united front; that these leagues were not instruments of the various Communist Parties; yet here was a case of a man being expelled for advocating a united-front position which it was the ostensible purpose of these leagues against war and fascism to accomplish. . . .

JOSEPH P. LASH.

New York City.

The Social Frontier

SIR: Your readers may be interested to know that the first number of The Social Frontier, a monthly journal of educational criticism and reconstruction, will be issued in October. The editor-in-chief is George S. Counts.

This new journal represents a crystallization of so-called left-wing thinking upon social and economic matters within the educational profession, and it is hoped that with extension of the present Board of Directors into one more truly national in scope The Social Frontier will become a significant medium for the discussion of the larger bearings of education.

The Social Frontier will be, of course, a professional journal, but one without the usual pretensions to strict non-partisanship in all matters of general importance. It expects to maintain a scholarly tone and at the same time to avoid the heavy academic style which has made most publications of the educational profession unreadable.

NORMAN WOELFEL,
Associate Editor, The Social Frontier.

New York City.

Organizing Southern Share-Croppers

SIR: Down here in Arkansas the share-croppers are building a union. Black and white field hands are working together. Years of bitter poverty on the big plantations have made the share-cropper desperate and hunger eliminates the so-called prejudice between the races. With the planters openly playing off one race against the other, these people respond eagerly to attempts to organize the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, on the basis of racial equality within a common organization.

About sixty days ago fifteen men met in an old broken-down church on a large plantation near Tyronza; they organized the first Community Council of the union. Local planters, hearing about this and similar meetings in the county, sneeringly remarked that the Socialists and Republicans were joining forces, meaning Negro and white share-croppers. A number of small organizations were formed in different localities, a simple set of rules was drawn up and the organization was incorporated under a law of the state providing for benevolent societies.

A small amount of money to launch the union was raised up North by one of the friends of the share-croppers. Four men who had worked in farm and labor organizations before started the ball rolling. Every night for a month open meetings were held to tell all the people about the union. Hundreds joined each night. Opposition raised its head in the forms of threats and intimidation of the workers. Threats to invoke the "Jim Crow Law" to prevent joint meetings of the races. Speaker and leaders pointed out that there was no Jim Crow law in the fields, where

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Negro and white work side by side, or at the relief commissary, where they meet on terms of equality and are being issued their miserable rations every two weeks. Organization of new Community Councils goes on. Officials are selected from either race. Often Negroes are elected as secretaries because there is no one else fitted for the job.

Three share-croppers were arrested and C.H. Smith, a minister, was beaten and thrown in jail on the charge of "agitating labor." Organizers were run out of an adjoining county by three carloads of planters, riders and sheriffs, after the workers had been scared away from meetings, the planters saying they were not "going to have their niggers joining any union."

The share-croppers have learned that there is safety in numbers. Everyone who knows the South agrees that to be a success this organization must cover the whole South. Organizers are going to work in other sections, and by January 1 it is hoped that the union will be strong enough to demand that the share-cropper, renter and small landowner get a new deal. The union is demanding that the reduction contracts be carried out where they affect the rights of the tenant farmer and that in 1935 the boards of control set up by the A.A.A. must contain representatives of the real producers of cotton.

H. L. MITCHELL.

Tyronza, Ark.

Conscientious Objector: 1934

SIR: Your readers will recall that almost a year ago the United States Supreme Court declined jurisdiction in the case of a conscientious objector to compulsory military training at the University of Maryland. Those of us who were disappointed in the outcome of that case because we believed it raised hitherto unadjudicated questions of constitutional law are now happy to report that a similar case is scheduled for oral argument before the Supreme Court during its coming October term.

The forthcoming case involves two student conscientious objectors who were suspended from the University of California because of their refusal to enroll in the R.O.T.C. Their defense is being briefed by an able constitutional lawyer from Los Angeles. To finance this litigation a California committee under the chairmanship of Bishop James C. Baker is seeking to obtain funds from supporters on the Coast. But additional funds—approximately $1,500—are urgently needed to supplement the amounts thus far raised.

A Supreme Court decision in this case will go far toward defining the constitutional rights of conscientious objectors to the peacetime conscription which prevails in twenty-eight of our civilian secondary schools and ninety-one of our colleges and universities. Basic civil and religious liberties are at stake. Those zealous to safeguard them—all old-fashioned Americans, those of orthodox religious views who believe the realm of conscience should be free from state domination, pacifists, liberals and radicals alike—are urged to share in financing the defense of these conscientious objectors. Donations may be sent directly to the Reverend John Gabrielson, Box 54, Pacific Palisades, California, who is treasurer of the local committee.

EDWIN JOHNSON, Secretary,
Committee on Militarism in Education.
ROGER BALDWIN, Director,
American Civil Liberties Union.

New York City.

Peace as a Campaign Issue

SIR: The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom is appealing to peace leaders throughout the country to exert their influence to make peace and disarmament important issues in the congressional elections in November.

An intensive national campaign designed to impress on congressional candidates the power of peace sentiment throughout the country has been launched by the League. A "flying squadron" of organizers is now making a swift tour of the entire country, visiting the principal cities to organize state and district congressional committees to arrange peace delegations to candidates from every possible group—club women, church groups, farmers, business men, peace organizations.

The campaign is focusing attention on the disclosures of the Senate munitions-investigation committee, and in every interview candidates are being urged against being "taken in" by war scares instigated by arms-makers to prod nations on in the insane race in arms, motivated primarily by desire for personal gain.

Branches of the League are organizing congressional caravans to tour their states in October, and plan to hold open-air meetings and organize district committees to follow up the work of the caravans.

The League is convinced that if the true story of activities of munitions makers in playing upon the fears of the people for their own gain, and of the large profits of munitions industries, is carried to the voters and to the candidates for office, it will not be so easy as it has been in times past to obtain millions upon millions of the taxpayers' money for armament appropriations.

When Congress convenes, the Women's International League will conduct a vigorous campaign against the increased appropriations for armaments which already are being sought, for an embargo on arms and for a measure forbidding loans and credits to nations at war.

In the past year the peace forces have won a signal victory in obtaining the Senate munitions investigation. Their efforts should be redoubled. We know beyond doubt that vast sentiment for peace exists, but the people must make it felt by members of the government if action for peace is to be gained.

LOUISE WIER, Acting Campaign Director,
Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.
Washington, D. C.

Extracts from Letters

FROM Albany, New York, John Wright invites New Republic readers to attend meetings of the Albany Council Against War and Fascism being held regularly on Monday at 8 P. M. at the Bleecker Library, Washington Avenue and Dove Street.

Lucien Koch, director of Commonwealth College, Mena, Arkansas, writes that "the crisis is deepening for the class from which Commonwealth College draws its students. Enrolment has not increased during the past year. The school will not close, but its effectiveness will be impaired somewhat unless it gets help immediately. The regular fall term opens October 1. Twelve courses will be offered, including Marxism, labor problems, imperialism, psychology and labor writing."

Despite the passage by the New York Legislature and the signing by Governor Lehman of the Loyalty Oath Act for teachers, the Classroom Teachers' Groups are continuing their fight on the measure. Blanche Hofrichter, chairman of the Groups, writes us:

"The menace contained in this seemingly innocent oath is clear from two conditions present today. In the rapid and widespread preparations for war in this country, this oath is an instrument for regimenting the teaching staffs (private schools are included) and for tuning up the schools to echo the propaganda for war. By means of it, those teachers who honestly oppose war will be muzzled; and those who feel it their duty to the children to expose war propaganda, as such, in the schools, will be charged with violating their oath. There is a second condition today which makes this law the greatest menace that has faced teachers in recent times. The budget continues the policy of overcrowded classes, of ignoring the fifteen thousand unemployed teachers, and of taking no notice of the effect of five years of crisis on the health and well-being of the children. There is every sign, also, that the bankers will call for another wage cut for teachers. This means, clearly, that teachers will have to organize for a vigorous fight if they are to preserve their own living standards as well as defend the welfare of the children in their charge. And this means that militant teachers are going to face the menace of the oath and its charge of disloyalty whenever they oppose the policies of the bankers and the Board of Education."

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Travels With a Mirror

ON JUNE 2, 1933, Peter Fleming started east from London. He was twenty-five years old, going on twenty-six. He had wangled a commission as special correspondent in China for The London Times, but his real purpose was to have a lot of adventures in five months and write a book about them (for which he had already collected an advance on royalties). The adventures were had on schedule—a wreck on the Trans-Siberian, a hunt for bandits with a Japanese expeditionary force in Manchukuo, an interview with General Chiang Kai-shek, a visit to the anti-Communist front in Kiangsi Province, a trip on a Chinese junk down the gorges of a particularly dangerous river—and by November 1 Mr. Fleming was back in London ready to write the book. It is published now; the title is "One's Company"[1] and the text is smart, candid and in general much better than one would suspect from a mere glance at the author's time-table.

Of Mr. Fleming's book, more later. . . .

Another young traveler, a Scotsman named Mungo Park, sailed from Portsmouth on May 22, 1795. He was not yet twenty-four years old. Like Mr. Fleming, he had a mission, but it was much more definite. He was directed, on his arrival in Africa, to make his way to the River Niger by the most convenient route, to learn which way it flowed and, if possible, to discover its source and its mouth. He was the second man to make this venture. The first, Major Houghton, had never returned, and "there was reason to apprehend he had fallen a sacrifice to the climate, or perished in some contest with the natives; but this intelligence"—Park continued—"instead of deterring me from my purpose, animated me to persist in the offer of my services with the greater solicitude. I had a passionate desire to examine into the productions of a country so little known; and to become experimentally acquainted with the modes of life, and character of the natives."

The book that resulted from his travels was written as an afterthought, and painfully. Not being a professional man of letters, Park accepted the help of a friend in preparing the manuscript and peppering it with commas, and even then he felt impelled to apologize for his story. "As a composition," he said, "it has nothing to recommend it, but *truth*. It is a plain, unvarnished tale; without pretensions of any kind, except that it claims to enlarge, in some degree, the circle of African geography." Its style, as a matter of fact, is pedestrian and stilted, and might have been much better if the kind literary friend had not offered his help. But "The Travels of Mungo Park" (reprinted some years ago in Everyman's Library) has other virtues that are more essential. All other books of its type can be judged by it and given their ratings. It is, I believe, the greatest travel narrative in our language, perhaps in any language.

It is a great narrative, first of all, because it tells about a great journey, one that required a more dogged sort of courage and covered a greater area of unexplored territory than the journeys of any other landsman since Marco Polo. It is great because of Park's curiosity—that "passionate desire" of his to learn about the resources of a new country and to become "experimentally acquainted" with its modes of life. This meant in practice that for eighteen months he lived the life of an African tribesman, feasting when the harvest was gathered (if he was lucky enough to be well received), starving when the granaries were empty, and always continuing to take notes on African botany and trade and tribal customs. He had the gift of regarding the strange people he met, not as specimens to be catalogued, but as human beings like himself. Being forced to depend on their hospitality and sleep in their huts, he soon forgot about the color of their skins.

But there is one more quality that raises his narrative far above the ordinary. Park had a goal and was determined at any cost to reach it: he wanted to be the first European to see the Niger. When he explained this desire to the Negroes of Bambarra, they "naturally inquired, if there were no rivers in my own country, and whether one river was not like another," and perhaps the Negroes had reason on their side. But finding the Niger was, to Park, an obsession, a fixation, a purpose that was justified by something else than logic. His readers, for their part, come to share his mania, to see the search through his eyes, and at last to exult with him as he pushes on toward the capital of Bambarra and suddenly—

> as I was anxiously looking around for the river, one of them called out, *geo affili* (see the water); and looking forwards, I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission; the long sought for majestic Niger, glittering in the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the *eastward*. I hastened to the brink, and, having drank of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer.

This incident, the climax of Park's journey, took place on July 21, 1796, a very long time ago. It isn't quite fair to ask of modern travelers that they undergo equal hardships in order to have such a moment of exaltation. It isn't fair to ask that they set themselves an impossible goal and somehow reach it. But Park had other qualities that anyone traveling through strange lands might cultivate—sympathy, curiosity, patience, the willingness to learn from anybody, even from Negroes enslaved by Negroes. The trouble with a good many modern travelers is that they sympathize with nobody, are curious about nothing, and parade up and down the world as if it were a room full of mirrors. They write books about Russia or China in order to prove that they—not the Russians or the Chinese—are courageous, witty and, under all circumstances, superior.

Take the case of Peter Fleming. He didn't travel to see, because seeing is a lot of bother. He didn't travel to learn, because he was quite well satisfied with the knowledge he had already. He knew before leaving London that "the rulers of Russia today—the men of real power—have almost all got Jewish blood in them." He knew that the Japanese were doing a good job in Manchuria, because they were strong men putting the fear of God into the natives, as the British used to do. He knew that the Chinese Communists had abolished marriage. He knew that all the Eastern peoples except the Japanese were very dirty and quaint in their ways, about which it doesn't do to puzzle too much. After five months he went home with all this knowledge confirmed.

He writes well and cracks some first-rate jokes and maybe I'm being too hard on him. But he is, essentially, the best

[1] One's Company: A Journey to China, by Peter Fleming. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 319 pages, illustrated. $2.75.

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of a pretty sickly lot. He is less exhibitionistic than Richard Halliburton, less bumptious than Carveth Wells, less myopic than Evelyn Waugh, less smug than Aldous Huxley as a traveler, and he photographs better than Mrs. Martin Johnson. Facing page 48 of "One's Company" there is a good picture of him—a young man with a molded chin, a long sensitive mouth, a high forehead and hair that is hidden by what appears to be a black stocking cap. His big deep-set eyes are gazing wearily into the distance. The title of the picture is "Siberia Sometimes Palls," but Siberia is nowhere to be seen; there is only Peter Fleming. And that is the trouble with all the writers of this type: they insist on standing at the window and shutting off our view of the landscape.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Pepys at the White House

Forty-two Years in the White House, by Irwin (Ike) Hoover, Chief Usher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 332 pages. $3.50.

MR. HOOVER went to the White House in 1891, under Benjamin Harrison, to install the equipment for electric lights and bells. The sense of those primitive times, as well as of the somewhat provincial family from Indiana, is recalled by the fact that the latter did not turn on or off the lights for fear of getting a shock; and as for pushing a button to call the servants: "There was a family conference almost every time this had to be done." Mr. Hoover was nicknamed Ike on his first appearance, and Ike he remained for forty-two years, first as electrician, then as usher, and finally Chief Usher. He became indispensable as the director of domestic life and social functions in the White House. He took his work seriously, but he saw its humorous side; and he made ample notes of his keen observation of the human characters involved.

Two leading interests of the middle class, since it emerged in the seventeenth century, have been education and proper behavior. The etiquette of the White House is doubtless less elaborate and exacting than that of the Escurial under Philip IV, but it will interest patriotic Americans to know how things are done in our highest circles; and for those who are privileged to be shown through the outer courts of the temple, "Forty-two Years in the White House" is indispensable for atmosphere and color.

The more valuable part of Mr. Hoover's book consists of his estimate of the characters of the men and women with whom he had to deal, and his notes on historic events of which he was a close witness. It is a commonplace that no man is a hero to his valet. In this case an exception must be made for Wilson—the other Presidents, to Mr. Hoover, were mediocrities. He, or the publisher, has shown fine discretion in eliminating almost everything about the Harding administration. In compensation Coolidge gets his—the thin-lipped little New Englander, "meaner'n hell," as they say in his part of the world—"positively impossible," in the author's more courteous phrasing. Of the ladies of the White House Mrs. Cleveland was Hoover's favorite, though he liked them all except Mrs. Taft and Mrs. Harding, who tried to run things, including their husbands and the nation.

In some instances Mr. Hoover's book corrects false impressions or settles doubtful controversies. For example, he assures us that the quarrel between Roosevelt and Taft began immediately after Taft's election, over the retention in office of Roosevelt's friends. He records Taft's exclamation after the inauguration, "I am President now, and tired of being kicked around." In regard to the bombardment of Vera Cruz, apologists for Wilson plead that he was roused at dead of night to make a decision whether or not to commit an act of war. Hoover notes that the President was irritated at being called, and put the matter off until next day. He attributes the break between Wilson and House to the President's suspicion that House was using him, which began with the appearance of so many of House's relatives and friends on the "George Washington" on their way to the Peace Conference junket. Coolidge's "I do not choose to run" was not a refusal. It was intended to inspire a demand loud enough to drown the talk of a third term. But Coolidge, like some other New Englanders, was so sharp that he cut himself. "He watched the chance of a likely candidate as a dog watches a rat-hole." He was terribly disgusted at the outcome in Kansas City; and when he heard the hammerers at work on the reviewing stand for the inauguration of his successor, "the men remarked that he acted like a prisoner who had to witness the noise and bustle attendant on the building of a scaffold for his execution."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Baruch Spinoza

The Philosophy of Spinoza: Unfolding the Latent Processes of His Reasoning, by Harry Austryn Wolfson. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press. 2 vols. 864 pages. $7.50.

> There is, on the one hand, an explicit Spinoza, whom we shall call Benedictus. It is he who speaks in definitions, axioms and propositions; it is he, too, who reasons according to the rigid method of the geometer. Then there is, on the other hand, the implicit Spinoza, who lurks behind these definitions, axioms and propositions, only occasionally revealing himself in the scholia; his mind is crammed with traditional philosophic lore and his thought turns along the beaten logical paths of medieval reasoning. Him we shall call Baruch. Benedictus is the first of the moderns; Baruch is the last of the medievals. It is our contention that we cannot get the full meaning of what Benedictus says unless we know what has passed through the mind of Baruch.

HARRY WOLFSON has tracked *Baruch* Spinoza to his lair in a work of scholarship and erudition hard to duplicate. "The Philosophy of Spinoza" is a commentary, frequently brilliant and revelatory, on every definition, axiom and proposition of the "Ethics." It is a compendium of the views of the medieval philosophers on fundamental issues, particularly as expressed by the more radical and less familiar thinkers. And finally it reveals what is usually so arrogantly ignored, the continuity of the philosophic terminology and outlook that has dominated thought for almost twenty centuries. Benedictus escapes, leaving the Spinoza who was both, still to be discovered. But thanks to Wolfson we are closer to Spinoza than we ever were before. Working on the assumption that the "Ethics" of Spinoza is a carefully planned, coherent treatise in which every word and phrase is weighted with meaning, Wolfson sets about to extract from medieval and Aristotelian literature, with an occasional glance at Plato and Descartes, those discussions and distinctions which *might have been* in Spinoza's mind when he formulated that austere, geometrically organized system of his, which is today almost universally acknowledged to be largely shrouded in

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obscurity. Grant that Spinoza is divided against himself into a Baruch and a Benedictus, that the former is more important, and the source of the latter, that "philosophers, after all, see the universe which they try to explain as already interpreted to them in books, with the only possible exception, perhaps, of the first recorded philosopher, and all he could see was water," and we have here a definitive, irreplaceable work on a Spinoza who is a consistent, rather than a brilliant or original thinker, a follower of Crescas and of Maimonides rather than of Hobbes and of Descartes, a medieval scholar rather than a respected seventeenth-century lens-grinder and student of optics.

Spinoza's originality, for Wolfson, consists largely in the way in which he carried Aristotelian premises to their logical conclusions to articulate a scheme in which an unknowable, corporeal, purposeless God was inseparable from the particular, multiple, perishable things that constitute the empirical world. Professor Wolfson's interpretations may be rejected; they cannot be ignored, particularly on such controversial topics as the nature of God, the subjectivity of the attributes, the status of the modes and the ontological argument. He argues his thesis with persuasion and wit, bolsters it with quotations from Greek, Latin, Arabic, Hebrew and Dutch, and writes in a style that is a model of clarity. His is a work of first magnitude.

But Wolfson evidences little interest in mathematics and science. He seems, in fact, not at all concerned with the revolutions in thought that occurred in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Spinoza's mathematical method is taken to be an almost irrelevant idiosyncrasy, and his consuming interest in current scientific work is ignored. Wolfson forgets the influence of the Cartesian physics and the tremendous importance of the discovery of analytic geometry, and the effect they undoubtedly had on Spinoza. Spinoza, after all, was a rationalist, imbued with a faith that what is true is clear, distinct and self-evident, and he could not escape the attempt to construct a logically concatenated system in which all truths follow from but a few basic obvious assumptions. The logically integrated system is the rationalist's ideal; it was a seventeenth-century error to think that Euclid had attained it, and it was natural that Spinoza, the rationalist, should mimic him. To pass over the geometrical arrangement of the "Ethics" as an arbitrary form of dress, as Wolfson does, is to ignore the fact that a mathematically arranged philosophy is a natural consequence of rationalistic assumptions. Nor does Wolfson see that any consistent thinker, like Spinoza, intrigued by the new science with its rejection of final causes and its emphasis on mechanism, would have to accept a necessitarian philosophy, denying free will to man, and design to nature. La Mettrie drew these proper conclusions; so did Spinoza, who, moreover integrated them into a complete system. Finally it took Spinoza to find in the new views of mathematics a clue to the solution of the hoary problem of the relation of mind to body. When Wolfson analyzes Spinoza's discussion on mind and body as if it were a variant on the older Aristotelian question of the relation of matter to form, he overlooks, perforce, the influence of both Malebranche and Hobbes on one who had read them and also Descartes. A Spinoza who is only a logical outgrowth of medieval philosophy is a seventeenth-century thinker pressed into fourteenth-century clothes. Perhaps it is unfair to demand that one man cover this side of Spinoza too, particularly since that would probably be to demand that these two volumes be four. But only when "the first of the moderns" has been given two volumes, written with the care and intelligence that Wolfson has bestowed upon the "last of the medievals" shall we recover, in terms of a single man, the intellectual background out of which the thinkers of the seventeenth century could have arisen. But the most difficult and neglected portion of that enterprise has now been done.

PAUL WEISS.

This Freedom

Women Who Work, by Grace Hutchins. New York: International Publishers. 285 pages. $2.

MOST OF the readers of The New Republic are college graduates or college students, I suppose. When they think of woman's right to work, they have in mind the law, educational work, writing, the theatre. At least such are the ideas of the young-women college graduates with whom I talk from time to time. But most of the women who work are of another type. They are not college graduates and they work in factories and stores at low wages and for long hours. I have talked with some of these women, and have not met one yet who was enthusiastic about woman's right to work, or greatly intrigued by the shame of female parasitism, according to the conceptions of Olive Schreiner. Perhaps this quantitative observation on the numbers who do attractive work and the numbers who toil may be of help in explaining why the woman's movement made so little headway during the past decade.

Miss Hutchins tells the story of these women who labor. It is one of a series of books containing such titles as "Labor and Steel," "Labor and Silk." It is a very vivid, wonderfully interesting account and is recommended to the many women college graduates who want to be columnists on metropolitan newspapers or go on the stage. The author knows those women who carry the double burden of homemaking and factory work. She also knows those answering the advertisements of "Women Wanted between 18 and 30 years." But the book is not all case history or detailed observation of daily life. The problem is also seen from the point of view of society and social classes.

The number of women employed outside the home is increasing faster than the working population, and the growing ratio of women workers to men will probably continue during the next few years, in spite of unemployment, and afterwards also. Yet the proportion of women employed in the actual business of manufacture has been declining for the last two or three decades. How will it be, if and when the standard of living goes up? Most thinkers, I believe, estimate a rise in the standard of living for a long-time trend. There will be more women employed, for the desire to raise the family income still more will be strong, even if poverty should be abolished.

Most of the women employed away from home today are young women. Men object because employers are letting them go at fifty, but for a woman it is hard to find a new job after the age of thirty-five. Even so, each decade shows a slightly older female working population. One reason for the gradual rise of the age limit is that more married women work. At the beginning of the century, one in eighteen married women was employed away from home, while in 1930, there was one in eight or nine. Perhaps we shall live to see one in three or four. The birth rate is still falling. The average family consists of 3.8 persons. Children do not come or else they demand care for only a short stretch of the marriage span. If we should ever get a twenty-five or thirty-hour week, the adjustment will be easier for the married woman who works.

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Steam and electricity have taken most of women's work at home away from them and placed it elsewhere. Slowly but surely, women are following this outward trend, and eventually they will make a better adjustment. The stopping of immigration in the future ought to help. But the best weapon for improving their lot is, as Lysistrata foresaw, the falling birth rate. It's the law of supply and demand.

WILLIAM F. OGBURN.

Strange as Truth

Blood and Tears, by Balder Olden. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.

THE AUTHOR who would write of the days of the Hitler Terror finds one of the novelist's major problems—that of making his characters and their actions plausible—intensified almost to the point of impossibility. These murderous night forays and gestures of crazy sadism, these mass displays of barbarism as a whole nation was given over for pillage to the Nazi camp-followers, these facts alone have a nightmare quality about them, so that the strictest documentation is required to make them believable. When the documentary framework is removed and the spectacle is brought within the closer focus of fiction, when the author must find a basis in human emotion to support such actions and construct a motivation that will make them credible, then it becomes hard indeed for him to avoid plunging his novel, and history along with it, into the most gruesome and fantastic kind of melodrama.

Mr. Olden meets this problem and disposes of it in extremely capable fashion. He does it by working, in a manner of speaking, from the inside out. The book begins, just before the coup of January 30, 1933, that gave Hitler the chancellorship, with the release from prison of Hans Rümelin, a young Nazi enthusiast who has just served a year's sentence for seditious actions against the former government. His zeal for the movement sharpened and, in a sense, purified by his imprisonment, he hurries to Berlin: there the conflict between his ideals and the actuality begins. Taking a post under Göbbels (known as "Schnierwind" in the novel) he is shown, through the other's cynical eyes, more and more of the sordidness, the calculated brutality of the leaders; association with his *fiancée* and her friends among the liberal intellectuals subjects him to the civilized point of view. Thus disillusionment proceeds and, having seen the rottenness at the center of the movement, he, and the reader as well, are prepared for the impact of the events—the burning of the Reichstag, the Jew-baiting, the persecution, the terror—that formed the outward manifestations of Hitler's rise to power.

Meantime, Rümelin's own private drama runs its course, reaching its climax in his unwitting betrayal of a friendly Jewish family into the hands of the Storm Troopers and his fiancée's subsequent renunciation of him, and ending with his own murder at the hands of a Nazi "trigger-man" for revealing his disgust at the working out of a system for which he had, at the outset, been willing to sacrifice anything. But this, the personal adventure, is only sketched in, and is used mainly to vivify the play of historic events behind it. This it does, compactly, unsensationally, but powerfully. However deep one's feeling may be for the tragedy of Germany today, a reading of this book cannot help but clarify that feeling and render it more coherent.

ROBERT M. COATES.

Through War and Toothache

Magpie: The Autobiography of a Nymph Errant, by Lois Vidal. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 410 pages. $3.

PEOPLE with a genius for active and erratic living are not often the people who could best tell the story, a fact that Miss Vidal's record of her life does not allow us to overlook. This tale of a neurotic's struggle for existence is fantastic, simply because usual people could not survive a quarter of the unhappiness and lack of purpose that the author has let herself in for. The book is also extraordinary, and terrible, in its artlessness. It is hard to believe that a person brought up in conventional and semi-intellectual surroundings could spend years wandering through a nightmare of alien places, as war worker, hobo, parlor maid, asylum inmate, and give so little accent or perspective to the telling of it. Miss Vidal uses no device, hardly even that of selection, to make her adventures credible. She builds no conception of society or of the qualities which go to make the individual's world satisfactory or otherwise. She has known kind people, met in the Salvation Army, in all-night restaurants, or "clicked with" on empty streets: to these she offers in retrospect a cheerful salute. Others have been disagreeable. This is apparently the only scale of values to which the author refers her experiences, except that dominated by the nervous system which makes war, toothache and a peevish family equally destructive. It is a curious counterpoint to the increasing social awareness of this time to find a whole story of success and failure told with such candor and lack of theory, such purely personal concern.

ELEANOR CLARK.

Pragmatism Gone Bankrupt

A Free Society, by Horace M. Kallen. New York: Robert O. Ballou. 124 pages. $1.

THIS LITTLE treatise is an attempt to diagnose the present state of industrial civilization and to point out the possibility of achieving a free society. The current discontent with the forms of democracy and the products of industrial civilization Mr. Kallen traces to a "loss of nerve." This failure makes people seek the short cut of fascism or communism, both of which tend, at least in their present forms, to create a Servile State. While Mr. Kallen's observations often show much good sense and perspicuity, his basic argument at present is shallow. First, it ignores the way in which capitalism has kept our political inventiveness in a low state in order better to preserve its own privileges: hence a legitimate rational discontent with our present pseudo-democracy. Nor does Mr. Kallen acknowledge sufficiently the defects of the kind and quality of goods produced in industrial civilization—to say nothing of those terrible periods of hiatus when the supply of goods is insufficient and the distributive system a total wreck. The current reaction to this situation cannot be reduced to a mere psychological crisis. Mr. Kallen's method of freedom shows the same weakness: it consists in holding that the N.R.A. opens the door to a Free Society, provided that individuals who are charged with its direction rise heroically to the occasion and work for the common weal. That the people so concerned are the willing agents of capitalism, that they have created an instrument for consolidating the forces of capitalism, and that nothing in their individual philosophies or in their collective platform would

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work toward any other end, Mr. Kallen resolutely ignores. He fails to allow for the deep class bias of the present government—so apparent in its effort to curb and smother revolutionary pressure against capitalism from the working classes, without which its "attempt" to raise and distribute purchasing power cannot succeed. Indeed, Mr. Kallen's interpretation of the economic and class forces at work is so similar to that of the Chadband in the White House that one hardly knows whether his dedication of the book to the "President and his company of embattled Lawyers, Bankers, Politicians, College Professors, Army Officers and Trades Union Officials" is an expression of genuine admiration or of ironic derision. The fact is that the philosophy of pragmatism, with which Mr. Kallen approaches the present situation, is completely inadequate to it. The present administration, indeed, is pragmatism in action: aimless experiment, sporadic patchwork, a total indifference to guiding principles or definitive goals, and hence an uncritical drift along the lines of least resistance, namely the restoration of capitalism. When its confused and contradictory nostrums patently fail, it will be prepared to kill our democracy with a final dose of fascism—unless the workers exert a strong counter-pressure—rather than save the patient by the institution of communism. Mr. Kallen is not unaware of this possibility; but in "A Free Society" he prefers to close his eyes when he opens his mouth.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Rootless Tragedy

Appointment in Samarra, by John O'Hara. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

JOHN O'HARA has written a lot of good short pieces for The New Yorker and he knows how to be entertaining. Occasionally, in his eagerness to come through with the right phrase in the right place, he sounds as though he had been trying too hard, but on the whole he is impressive for his smart writing. Yet the satire that made such a kindred spirit as Dorothy Parker look like a God-almighty intellectual is missing from this first novel. It is shiny with bright phrases, and crisp with the idiom of the American cocktail hour; but Mr. O'Hara, in spite of his cleverness, is out to write a tragedy.

The characters of his story are all drawn from the town of Gibbsville in the anthracite belt—the blues singer, the number-one gangster, Julian English, his bootlegger Al Grecco, his wife. At a party Julian, charming dipsomaniac, husband and lover, has too many drinks and throws one of them into the face of an Irishman who has been lending him money. This indiscretion speeds up the rolling ball of his disintegration, which ends up two days later with his suicide. Mr. O'Hara tells the story in his best brutal manner, stressing the hard-boiled and the sensual, reporting bedroom conversations intimately and with a fine sensational flavor; and he brushes in deft portraits as he goes along. But his going is essentially a sliding over surfaces. The death of English does not awaken any emotional response, nor do the events that lead up to it. Like everyone else in the book, we have finished with him without knowing who he was or what his attitude, beyond the impression that it was pretty blank. Mr. O'Hara is suave and witty and prolific of movement, but assumes that neither he nor his readers should care enough for roots and underlying reasons to dig below this flash surface of his, and spoil it.

JERRE MANGIONE.

Books in Brief

Problems of the Pacific: 1933, edited by Bruno Lasker and W. L. Holland. The University of Chicago Press. 506 pages. $5.

THIS RECORD of the Banff Conference, held August 14-26, 1933, shows a shift in emphasis from the procedings of the four previous biennial conferences of the Institute of Pacific Relations. Instead of concentrating on localized Far Eastern issues, the Institute sought to deal with "the slow-moving and often invisible social and economic forces" underlying such issues. Discussions and data papers at Banff therefore centered on the theme: "International Economic Conflict in the Pacific Area: Its Control and Adjustment." Detailed study was given to shipping competition, currency instability, labor and living standards and Japan's economic dilemma, as instances of basic economic conflict. Trends toward economic control were sought through analyses of the Ottawa conference, China's reconstruction program (Nanking's program, not that of the Chinese Soviet Republic) and the American "New Deal." Canadian laws barred the expected participation of U.S.S.R. delegates at Banff; at the 1935 conference, to be held in the Philippines, the presence of a delegation from the newly organized Soviet Council of the Institute is practically assured.

T. A. B.

Democracy and Nationalism in Europe, by Henry L. Stimson. Princeton University Press. 88 pages. $1.25.

This little book, based on four lectures delivered at Princeton University by a member of that select group of Republican statesmen, Messrs. Hughes, Root, Taft, Knox, *et al,* gives a fair measure of their understanding of the world whose destinies they were called to guide. We are told that the War came out of the rivalry of autocratic dynastic powers and the agitation of large national groups against arbitrary foreign rule; from which we must conclude that France and Britain are ruled by autocratic dynasties, and that the national strivings of Czechs and Poles are culpable. Because German trade can be revived only through coöperation with a number of other states, we are told that "this of itself offers a fairly safe guarantee against unrestrained violence against her neighbors on the part of Germany." The League of Nations, he assures us, has developed along sound lines, and it is surprising (no less!) that its development should have been so steady, satisfactory and fruitful. One may say the same things of the world crisis, or of the Republican Party under its recent leadership, and be equally right. The book is studded with such gems of thought; indeed, it is one perfect chrysolite entire in itself.—These be thy shepherds, O Israel!

H. S.

Woman of This Earth, by Frances Frost. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 96 pages. $2.

In this small book Miss Frost gives convincing evidence of growth in depth and richness as a poet. In a series of lyrics, roughly grouped into six parts representing the six stages in a woman's life, she develops the themes of love, death, loss, desire and the wonder of an ever changing earth. Here is lyricism of a classical order, arising not from bewildered negation or nostalgia, but growing from roots deep in the soil. The various lyrics, complete in themselves, are parts of a continuous and unified whole, in which certain stanzas stand out by virtue of their quality:

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Lifting a desolate and burnished crescent
Precise and thin above the fainting light,
The air is muted to a honey-luster
Crushed by the vast crescendo of the night.

This, Miss Frost's most ambitious work, is by all odds her best. K. P.

Stormy Road, by Thomas Rowan. New York: Ives Washburn. $2.

One's first inclination is to dismiss this novel of Alabama poor whites as a moderately successful imitation of Mr. Erskine Caldwell's "Tobacco Road." Mr. Rowan's "Pa" and Jeeter Lester move on the same plane of concupiscent subhumanness (only Pa is not quite so shiftless) and his other characters bear a close relationship to the inhabitants of Horse Creek Valley. There is also a likeness in writing: an attempt to reproduce, for example, the tonal effects obtained by Mr. Caldwell's repetition of such a phrase as "pluperfect damn." All this is unfortunate because, actually, Mr. Rowan's book has important and stirring moments of its own. The author understands his people, knows how to build up to a climax and writes, in his own right, with considerable force. His character of Pa's youngest son, the boy who tells the story, is especially convincing.

H. B.

Contributors

DATUS C. SMITH, JR., is the editor of The Princeton Alumni News. He is part owner of a farm in North Dakota where he has spent much time.

T. C. WILSON has published verse in Poetry, The Criterion and other magazines. This year he received the Hopwood Award for poetry and criticism given annually by the University of Michigan.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS, professor of Economics at the University of Chicago, was the acting director of the Swarthmore Unemployment Study. He is the author, among other books, of "The Problem of Unemployment," "The Need for a New Party" and "The Theory of Wages."

JESSE STUART lives in the Kentucky mountains, writes about them and says he isn't happy anywhere else. On October 15, E. P. Dutton and Company will publish "Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow," a book containing seven hundred of his sonnets.

PAUL ROSENFELD is the author, among other books, of "Port of New York" and "Men Seen."

PAUL WEISS, editor of the "Collected Papers of Charles Sanders Peirce," is associate professor of Philosophy at Bryn Mawr. He is now at work on a volume of systematic philosophy.

WILLIAM F. OGBURN, author of "Social Change," is at present professor of Sociology at the University of Chicago. Recently he was a member of the Consumers' Advisory Board of the N.R.A. and directed research for "Recent Social Trends in the United States."

ROBERT M. COATES, author of "The Eater of Darkness," "The Outlaw Years" and "Yesterday's Burdens," is now at Yaddo working on a new novel.

ELEANOR CLARK was graduated this spring from Vassar, where she edited the Housatonic Magazine. She is now working on a novel.

JERRE MANGIONE, a member of the staff of Robert M. McBride and Company, contributes reviews to The London Spectator, The Literary Digest and Partisan Review.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of T. A. Bisson, Herman Simpson, Kenneth Patchen and Hamilton Basso.

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